Hold that Tiger! *The Editors*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

November 27, 1965, 35 cents

Fall Book Review

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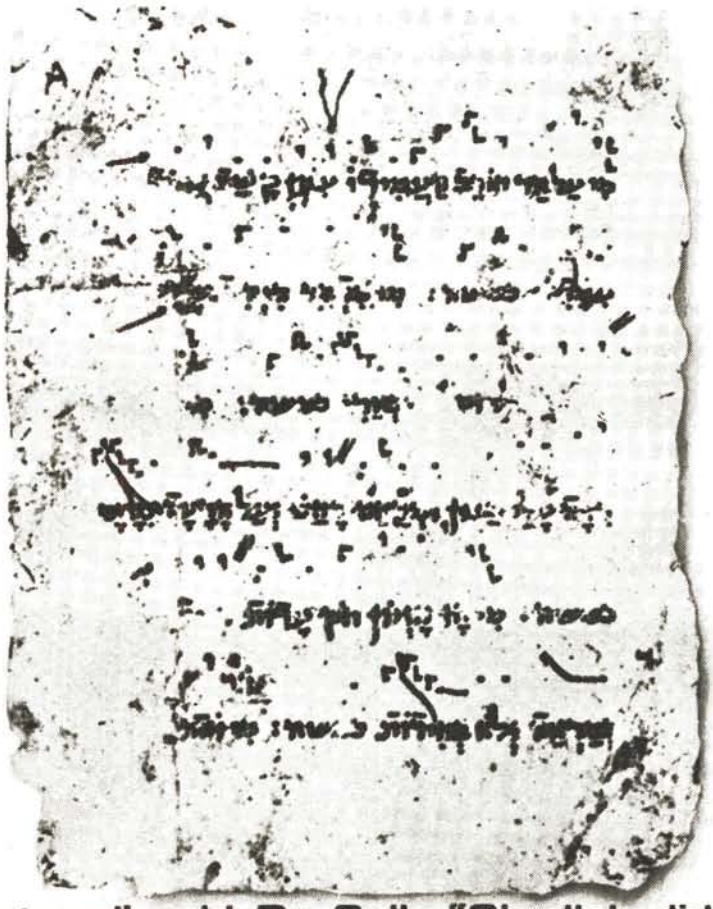
GREAT MOMENTS AT CHICAGO



"Elementary," said Dr. Golb, "Obadiah did it!"

One day at the University of Chicago, Dr. Norman Golb, assistant professor of medieval Jewish studies, came across a picture of a rare poem. For almost fifty years it had been baffling scholars. They couldn't figure out whose hand had inscribed both eastern Hebrew characters and Western musical notation on a single page.

Dr. Golb, however, knew immediately. *The handwriting was identical* with that of another manuscript, one that concluded with the elaborate by-line: "Obadiah, the Norman Proselyte who entered the covenant of the God of Israel in the year [1102] has written [this prayer book] in his own hand." So, quicker than you can say Obadiah, Dr. Golb conclusively traced the 800-year-old musical notation to the Italian-born Christian convert to Judaism. Dr. Golb modestly says the discovery was "pure accident," but concedes that a certain amount of scholarship was necessary "to prepare for the accident." The University of Chicago Press helps make such "accidents" possible with books like these:

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Dr. Golb does his detective work at the University of Chicago's ORIENTAL INSTITUTE. *His account of the discovery appeared in the University of Chicago Press's* THE JOURNAL OF RELIGION, *April 1965.*

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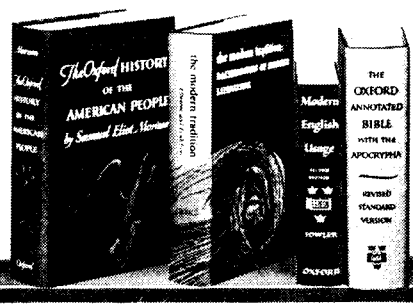

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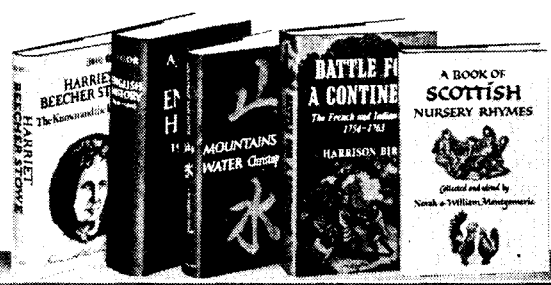

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Eviscerating McCarran

★ We went back last week to hear the Supreme Court read decisions. Always impressive. Greek temple – with microphones. Same red carpet. Same red curtains. Same white marble floors, like interstate highway before traffic. Same feeling of awe. The nine chairs behind the Bench look like the Chicago skyline: Byron White's tall oblong on far left; Abe Fortas' low one on far right.

They meet at 10 (with frugal half-hour at noon for a sandwich). This morning, four minutes late by the two bronze clocks. Oyez, Oyez, Oyez! They trooped in through triangular furls in great red curtains, like Ivanhoe coming through an arras. The usher asked God to help this honorable court and a swatch of newly-admitted lawyers swore to God to behave themselves. The tribunal got right to work.

The big news came soon. It was so calm, so casual, you hardly realized it. But it was the end of an era. A nod from the Chief Justice. Justice Brennan began to speak. He looks like a hard-as-nails Harvard Irishman. He eviscerated the 1950 McCarran Act (Communist registration). Short, terse sentences; no emotion, no purple passages. All citations, all learned logic omitted for the moment, though of course left in the printed opinion; Justice Brennan was just giving the verbal essence. Matter-of-fact. Calm. (There is little outward excitement in America's judicial Parthenon. It is the eye of the cyclone, as Holmes said. But if you hold your breath you hear the gale outside.) Brennan stopped talking. Any dissents? None. Unanimous. On the floor lay a mangled corpse, like Caesar. Next case.

We got to thinking. The year: 1948. *A Streetcar Named Desire* wins Pulitzer Prize. Berlin airlift. Draft starts. Truman reelected. Red scare accelerates. In Congress the great question: how to destroy the Communist Party without seeming to do it illegally? Two political unknowns, Representatives Mundt and Nixon, propose an answer: force it to register.

If you had had your old gothic-arched Atwater Kent tuned in on May 17, you would have heard the Dewey-Stassen Oregon debate on the Mundt-Nixon bill; question, should we outlaw the Communists? Yes, said Stassen; No, said Dewey. Both, oddly enough, said they favored the pending bill. Everybody felt Dewey won the debate on points. The House whooped it through, but the Senate didn't act till 1950.

Next year the Soviet exploded the atom bomb. We were betrayed.

Probes, probes. Alger Hiss, Harry Dexter White. Owen Lattimore. The Protestant clergy. HUAC took on Hollywood. Senator McCarran took on teachers, trade unions, US employees at UN. All intellectuals were under suspicion; newer ethnic groups were out to show their patriotism. And on February 9, 1950, at Wheeling, W. Va., a little-known Senator said, "I have here in my hand a list of 205. . ." (later 57). McCarthyism was off and away.

So now in 1950 the Mundt-Nixon bill came to the Senate and became the McCarran Act. Before the tumult had died, 13.5 million federal and civilian workers (one-fifth of the total US labor force) would be exposed in one way or another to loyalty oaths or security tests. The Taft-Hartley Act would require a non-Communist affidavit (later rescinded). Richard Nixon would defeat Helen Gahagan Douglas on the Red issue. (Incidentally, he tried the same thing last month in New Jersey in the governorship race: same deprecatory smile; same modest patriotism; same Communist menace. New Jersey slapped him down.)

Truman's Role

★ Well, that's when the McCarran Act was born. Truman vetoed it. The House overrode his veto, the same day, 286-48; the Senate, 57-10. Things got pretty wild after that. Unexpected people used "soft on Communism" and "20 years of treason." Congressman Velde tried to subpoena Truman. McCarthy said the Truman Administration had been "crawling with Communists" and that Ike wasn't so pure, either. The revered Taft still thought he could use "Old Joe." Herbert Brownell wanted to legalize wiretap evidence. He charged Truman had knowingly promoted "a Russian spy." Ike claimed he had ousted 2,200 security risks. And good old Nixon told a campaign audience, "We're kicking them out by the thousands."

Was everybody crazy? We went back to our office and got the Truman veto message: 17 pages, Sept. 22, 1950, marked *Strict Confidence – Hold for Release* by Charlie Ross. We started and read it straight through. It was all Truman. He was against "the thought control business," he said. "In a free country, we punish men for the crimes they commit, but never for the opinions they have." Communists – ? We had the FBI, didn't we? No President but Truman, perhaps, would have called the exalted work of Congress a "terrible mistake."

It all came back. What a funny little man. Always trying to knock a wall down by bumping it with his head. No subtlety. No tact. No consensus. And my, my, my, how refreshing!

"The idea of requiring Communist organizations to divulge information about themselves is a simple and attractive one [he wrote]. But it is about as practical as requiring thieves to register with the sheriff."

The Last Populist

★ Back in this era was Henry A. Wallace. Or really, an earlier era for he was the Last Populist – half scientist, half mystic. We all loved him; nobody understood him. He had that look of shy friendliness; a large, disheveled man with shaggy eyebrows, who ran his fingers through his hair before telling you the time of day, and paused to see if his conscience chimed with his clock. Famous as Iowa editor and hybrid corn innovator, he was Secretary of Agriculture, Vice President, Secretary of Commerce, third party candidate against Truman and, briefly, the editor of *The New Republic*. He knew his corn and chickens, never his politicians. "See that hen," he said enthusiastically at his New York experimental farm, "she laid 90 eggs in 100 days. . . ." Affection, admiration, bafflement follow him.

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Hold that Tiger!

According to the *Los Angeles Times*, the real reason this country is fighting in Vietnam is to defend its "ultimate interests" against China. Others endorse the theme. We are in Vietnam to "stop a bid for world tyranny" (*Life* magazine). If we don't win in Vietnam, "the map of the world will gradually become red," and "it is far better to fight in Vietnam – on China's doorstep – than fight some years hence in Hawaii, on our own frontiers" (Hanson W. Baldwin, military commentator of *The New York Times*). This is stupefying doctrine. Peking spokesmen have made many daredevil or alarmist statements, as have some Americans (consider the comments quoted above); and China did perform a senseless war dance this summer on the Indian Himalayan passes. Nevertheless, the Chinese have no foreign military bases; they have never flown a plane over Formosa, though planes from Formosa fly over China; they have not yet sent their soldiers or planes into Vietnam. The military facts strongly suggest China is more paper tiger than menacing giant; the extravagance of their denunciations is matched by the prudence of their deeds. And how could it be otherwise? The West's power "on China's doorstep" is formidable indeed. It includes the Seventh Fleet based on Formosa and the Philippines, ground and air forces based on Guam and Okinawa, and British, Australian and New Zealand naval, air and ground forces in Malaysia. The would-be world conqueror, Communist China, has, according to none other than Hanson Baldwin, "an obsolete air force and minimal naval power." True, her 155 divisions outnumber the Indian army three to one; but they are equipped with obsolete weapons and have few roads and fewer railroads to move on. The Chinese air force has 2,300 old interceptor planes and lacks spare parts and fuel. In the past year China has exploded two atomic bombs, but there is no evidence of a Chinese bomber building program, as there would be if China were preparing a nuclear attack; if India, which has potential nuclear capacity, were given B-47s she would have a better delivery capacity than anything China can build during the next decade. China accompanied her first atomic explosion on October 16, 1964, with a statement that "she will never at any time and under any circumstances be the first to use nuclear weapons," a pledge this country has yet to make. The only military rival to the US in Asia is not China but Russia, which has 17 army divisions there, a strategic air command, 120 conventional submarines (China has 28) as well as some with nuclear missiles, and has put rockets in North

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Vietnam to shoot down American planes. Yet official Washington no longer seriously thinks Russia has the wish or the ability to militarily conquer Asia or the world. Why then do we continue bedeviling ourselves with nightmarish predictions about China's "bid for world tyranny"? Apparently because manufacturing self-fulfilling prophecies has become a habit. By isolating and humiliating China we encourage Chinese hostility, then we cite her rudeness and bellicosity to justify our attitude.

But the chief reason for our China-obsession is that the US has got itself bogged down in the Balkans of Asia and does not know how to get out without serious damage to American prestige. We can no longer say, of course, that we are fighting to preserve democracy in South Vietnam, for there is little present or imminent democracy there. So we say that although we don't really fear China as a military antagonist – not yet – we are afraid that unless we "make a stand" the Chinese will manage to subvert Asia through Communism. That could happen. But in the long run the only effective counter to subversion is a population's preference for what it has over what Communism promises. American aid may help foster this preference, but it is always in the last resort a local responsibility and beyond our power to guarantee. There *is* a Communist danger in Asia; it arises primarily from some Asian countries, like South Vietnam, having governments whose control often does not extend much beyond their capital cities and who fail to command the loyalty of their people. Fortunately for some of those governments and for American attempts to bolster them, the Asian Communists have committed grave errors – overestimating the appeal of their dialectic and underestimating the strength of nationalism – so that Burma, Indonesia and even Cambodia have managed to contain their local Communists. But while doing so they have maintained correct relations with China, thus repeating the experience of Middle Eastern countries with *their* Communists and with Soviet Russia. In following that pattern, the Asians have mostly avoided alignment with the West, though the US has persisted in trying to get them to join defense pacts aimed to save them from Communism. Our persistence has yielded small fruit. Pakistan was the only leading Asian country to join SEATO and is now virtually in league with China against India. Two years ago Washington enthusiastically hailed "Maphilindo," a proposed alliance of Indonesia, Malaysia and the Philippines, as "an important catalyst among Asian countries for their self protection and mutual aid," but neither Indonesia nor the Philippines will recognize Malaysia. A Western military presence was needed in Asia in the confusing years following the end of World War II and of colonialism. It cannot safely be dismantled yet. But the chief consequences recently of US military involvement in Asia, outside of Vietnam, have been to arm Pakistan and India not against Communism but against each other. To try to forestall Thailand going the way of Pakistan and leaning toward China, the Kennedy Administration made a treaty pledge to preserve "the independence and integrity" of Thailand, as "vital to the national interests of the United States, and to world peace." Thailand is not in immediate danger of military attack, or the US might soon rue that pledge: the Thai army is said to have fewer companies than generals, five of whose signatures are required to move a tank. But the pledge probably extends to preserving the current military oligarchy in Bangkok against "subversion," and this could be tricky, for Thailand's jungly northeast region bordering Cambodia and Laos contains more Lao-speaking people than Laos does, as well as an estimated 50,000 or 80,000 pro-Communist refugees from Vietnam. If Bangkok should fail to keep its northeast region pacified, does our treaty with Thailand mean that the job will devolve on the Marines? And would the justification in this instance too be the containment of a potentially aggressive China?

The major Asian countries, Indonesia, Japan and even India, desire no alignment with the US against Peking. They have never shared this country's certainty that coexistence with China is impossible. And as the Sino-Soviet split widens and Russia and China growl at each other, the other Asians will be progressively disinclined to tremble before either of these two. Accompanied only by its dubious convoy of little boats, South Korea, South Vietnam and Formosa, the US has sailed an anti-China course whose markers down the years have included refusing to recognize the mainland regime and its 750 million people as China, inviting the Chinese into the Korean war by pushing beyond the 38th parallel when that war could have ended two years sooner than it did, and giving military backing to French colonialism in Asia but refusing to sign the 1954 Geneva agreements on Indochina when the French did. It's not surprising that the Chinese Communists seem obsessed by us and like to talk about our pending doom. What is astonishing is that this country should be so obsessed by them. Since a negotiated settlement of the Vietnam war would get both the US and Russia off the hook, the Chinese naturally do their best to dissuade Hanoi from peace talks. But why in the name of heaven should the State Department play the Chinese game? It was revealed only last week that in 1964 the State Department refused an offer by Hanoi to hold discussions about ending the war. Washington's refusal distressed Adlai Stevenson and U Thant, and ought to distress anyone else who has America's and Vietnam's interests at heart. In spite of President Johnson's assurances this April and subsequently, it remains extremely doubtful that the US is now seriously concerned to negotiate. For negotiation implies com-

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promise, and there is within the Administration implacable opposition to according any kind of political status to the Viet Cong's National Liberation Front.

On the wider Asia scene, suspicion now runs so deep that neither the US nor China is capable of worthwhile dialogue. China is probably not in a mood to be either recognized by the US, or even to accept entry to the United Nations as it was almost invited to do by the UN last week (there was a tied vote). And the US is in no mood to apply to China the lessons it should have learned from our treatment of Russia between 1917 and eventual American recognition of the Soviet Union, 16 years later. The years of attempted isolation of Russia inflicted no fatal injury on the Bolsheviks, but it caused no end of psychological damage, hardening a Marxist preconviction that America was Russia's arch enemy, and that the two could not live in the same world. We are doing the same thing all over again, to China, with the same probable result. Meanwhile we have begun to develop a tentative but immensely useful understanding with Russia. It is in the interests of world peace that a like transformation overcome our relationship with China; but that transformation is bound to come slowly, and there will be plenty of blunders on both sides. The job will not be rendered shorter or easier by nursing the notion that if we don't "win" in Vietnam, China will somehow defy both Russia and the US and proceed to conquer Asia, then the world.

SMITH IS CONFIDENT THE BRITISH WON'T PUSH HIM TOO HARD

Rhodesian Tea Party

From Our Correspondent in Salisbury

Life continues much as it did up to Independence Day. The Governor, Sir Humphrey Gibbs, denounced as illegal the regime of Rhodesian Premier Ian Smith, but few Rhodesians heard about it until they tuned into the BBC, because strict censorship is part of a "state of emergency" which prefaced the *coup d'etat*. Judges have not had to take a new oath of office under the "1965 constitution." They are *deemed* to have taken it. Since this hurdle of principle has been delayed for them, the courts and the police carry on as before. There was no initial violence and no major disturbance, although trains and buses were stoned and there was an attempt to stage a general strike of African workers. A few white Rhodesians left their signatures at Government House, as a silent token of loyalty to the Queen.

The tobacco farmers have planted the first 100,000 of the 250,000 acres which will produce the 1966 crop. The rains have broken at last. Tobacco is Rhodesia's major export. If the world boycotts it, and if other sanctions are severely applied, the Smith regime may have a hard time to survive. But failure is not even considered in Salisbury or on the tobacco farms where there is an unshakable belief that the British always put profit, and sometimes politics, before principle.

Rhodesians had been living with the threat of "UDI" – a unilateral declaration of independence, as the 1965 version of "BTP" (Boston Tea Party) is called – for three years. Britain's Prime Minister Harold Wilson made a desperate last-minute visit to Rhodesia in October (known as "suicide month" because of the heat). One felt he did it to ensure that the British electorate, the Commonwealth and the historians were made aware that Harold Wilson had done everything possible.

While he was in Salisbury Mr. Wilson was visited by Rhodesia's African nationalist leaders. Mr. Joshua Nkomo, a heavily built Matabele, was flown into the cool grounds of Government House, Salisbury, where stately cranes stalk among the fountains. Normally he is restricted to Gonakudzingwe ("The Place of Free Movement"), a hot treeless, comfortless camp on the Mozambique border. He was brought to Government House in an air force helicopter, and there Mr. Wilson told him not to expect African majority rule overnight, even though it was Westminster's inflexible intention to move Rhodesia toward a system of universal franchise. Mr. Nkomo abandoned his usual leopard skin hat for the occasion. He also appeared to abandon his previous intransigence and agreed to attend a constitutional council if Mr. Wilson could arrange it.

Nkomo heads ZAPU, the nationalist movement with a wide proletariat following. The Reverend Ndabaningi Sithole, a Mashona who is also detained, leads ZANU. Generally speaking his party attracts the educated African. Both ZANU (Zimbabwe African National Union) and ZAPU (Zimbabwe African Peoples' Union) are banned in Rhodesia. Those leaders who are not in restriction or detention have set up branches in exile in Zambia, Tanzania, Egypt, Ghana, Britain, Russia, China and the US. Like so many African movements in the

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past they have spent more energy and fury against each other than against the regime they seek to destroy.

Wilson brought Nkomo and Sithole together in Salisbury, but found it impossible to keep them together.

Wilson also met the Chiefs, who are figureheads and emblems of the past. For 40 years successive Rhodesian governments had been breaking down the power of the Chiefs. When the reactionary Rhodesian Front Party came to power it reversed this process. The Chiefs, clad in red flannel cloaks, with white helmets and brass half moons embossed with lions, told Wilson that they backed Smith in his claim for independence. This was the basis of Smith's insistence that not only 219,000 white Rhodesians (he won every white-controlled seat in Parliament) but the majority of the 4 million blacks too were behind him. Wilson countered that Smith could test support for independence with a referendum.

Even so, numbers of top-crust Rhodesian business executives and a growing number of civil servants just could not believe it would happen. They had made a careful analysis of the possible results for Rhodesia of economic boycotts by Britain and America, and the picture appalled them. But the hard core of the governing Rhodesian Front's support – its 6,000 white farmers – were undeterred. They have a basic belief that political and financial interests in London will prevent the Labour government from applying really stringent sanctions. And they had been fed the theory that the *only* alternative to instant independence was a cross between an Algerian and a Congo situation. They believe that a limited period of belt-tightening will result in a brave new world, fit for freedom-loving white men determined to maintain the "standards of Western civilization" against a "tide of black chaos and Communism."

Rhodesia, with only a pocket-sized army and air force, nevertheless knows, with the example of the Congo mercenaries to confirm this, that given oil and ammunition it can more than hold its own with any African army south of the Sahara and north of the Zambesi. Logistics rule out the use against Rhodesia of the North African forces, and short of agreement between Russia and America, Rhodesians argue, the major powers will keep out. Sabotage and guerrilla activity are perhaps a different matter. Time will tell whether the Rhodesian Front have been hard-headed realists or stubbornly suicidal.

Many, but not all, accept that sanctions will mean sacrifices in incomes and profits. They do not accept that it will break the government or that it will mean a growing exodus of workless whites – resulting in black government, the very thing they sought to avoid. The debt structure of the Rhodesian economy is considerable, which is why the independent regime has imposed stringent import and exchange control regulations. The machinery for rationing is ready. If Rhodesians (who were buying about £16 million worth of these a year until 1964) cannot be persuaded to bring their foreign assets back into the country, or if these are blocked, devaluation would be the next logical step.

Rhodesians maintain that France, Germany and Japan will very quickly take up the trade slack with raw materials and finance if Salisbury can weather the storm long enough to become internationally respectable. They point to Zanzibar as an example of successful contemporary revolution.

South Africa to the south will do all it can to see that UDI works, since its failure would bring African nationalism to its own border, and remove the convenient buffer state of Rhodesia. But Dr. Verwoerd, Prime Minister of South Africa, is a stickler for legality and has always based his own case on claims of correct constitutional behavior coupled with noninterference in other nations' business. This will pose problems of casuistry as well as finance when Pretoria has to devise means of helping the revolutionary government in Salisbury. The South Africans will no doubt overcome these, and their solid presence is a major tactical advantage in the security field. Portugal's behavior is likely to range from friendly neutrality to outright support. Rhodesia has nothing to fear from Mozambique.

But Zambia, rich in copper, just over a year old, one of the stars in independent black Africa's crown, is a different proposition. Zambia and Rhodesia share the Kariba hydroelectric dam (which provides power for the former's copper mines), and they share the Rhodesia railways which carry most of Zambia's copper to world markets. Landlocked Zambia bought £31 million worth of Rhodesian exports last year. Zambia and Rhodesia lie on opposite sides of the Zambesi River. At the Victoria Falls Bridge across the Zambesi, at the Kariba Dam wall (where the turbines lie on the Rhodesian bank), and at Chirundu Bridge, Zambian and Rhodesian soldiers now patrol these frontiers. The Zambesi is the flashpoint.

Because Zambia's imports (including oil, coal and electric power) and its exports (£150 million worth of copper a year) are funnelled through their country, Rhodesians assume that they could place counter-grips on their Northern neighbor if sanctions are imposed by Britain. For instance, oil sanctions – if they could be organized – would cripple Rhodesia. But Zambia's oil comes through a pipeline from the East Coast and the Rhodesians control this. Again, if Zambia bars trade, Rhodesians threaten to expel Zambians employed there. So every move produces a counter-hold. A Zambian cabinet minister, Mr. J. M. Mwanakatwe, describes Rhodesia and Zambia as like Siamese twins. Any sudden and violent parting might be fatal for both. It is felt that a massive Anglo-American airlift of coal, food and fuel into Zambia could only be a temporary measure, just as any use of force would be disastrous for Zambia as well as for Rhodesia.

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The Last Act

The McCarran Act of 1950 requires the Communist Party, its members and allied organizations to register with the government. Certain penalties follow upon registration, and failure to register is itself a criminal offense. Two years ago, the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia held that no official of the Communist Party could be forced to register it, since in order to do so, he would have to incriminate himself by admitting membership, and indeed leadership. Under the Smith Act – a quite separate statute – membership in the Communist Party constitutes part of the proof of the crime of conspiring to overthrow the US government. Any Communist Party official has a Fifth Amendment right not to have to incriminate himself.

Now the Supreme Court has held that for the same Fifth Amendment reason, individual party members can also not be required to register themselves. What then is left of the McCarran Act? What is left is a second prosecution in the District of Columbia of the Communist Party for failure to register – this time on the theory that its officials need not have risked self-incrimination by performing the act of registering; they could have authorized someone who had nothing to fear to do the deed for them. But the registration would have been meaningless without the authorization and cooperation of the Party officials. And in authorizing registration in behalf of the Party, would they not have incriminated themselves as much as if they had signed the actual papers? It does not seem likely that this second prosecution will succeed any better than the first. In allowing it to proceed, the Attorney General is merely conceding to the Court (rather than assuming for himself) the function of administering the *coup de grace* to the McCarran Act, the greatest abomination of its kind since the Alien and Sedition Acts.

Primogeniture

"There are too many Byrds in Congress," Harry Truman complained some years ago. Yet when apple-growing Harry F. Byrd first came to the Senate in 1933, he was regarded as a comer in the national Democratic Party, a kind of earlier-day Hubert Humphrey. He had been a dynamic and crusading young Governor of Virginia – even supporting anti-lynch legislation – and James Farley sounded him out about a Vice Presidential spot on the ticket with FDR in 1932. Later, Roosevelt paved the way for Byrd to enter Congress by naming Virginia's Senator Claude Swanson to be Secretary of the Navy. To the President's dismay, however, Byrd turned on the New Deal with unanticipated savagery, calling it the "most wasteful form of government the US has ever known."

There are many paradoxes about Harry Byrd. The first bill he voted on as a Senator was a measure "to preserve the credit of the US government." But although his favorite topic through the years was the sin of unbalanced budgets, he rarely offered amendments to appropriations bills, and he exercised no strong influence within the Senate Finance Committee, even after becoming chairman. Although a champion of states' rights, he never showed any interest in state responsibilities. His machine let Virginia's educational system deteriorate into one of the nation's worst. While holding up Virginia's pay-as-you-go system as a model of fiscal purity, he conveniently ignored the parsimony that made it possible; nor did he care that towns and cities went deeply into debt financing services the state wouldn't. Courtly, courteous, well liked by his congressional confreres, Byrd foisted on his people the most iniquitous policy devised by any Southern state to combat school desegregation, the so-called massive resistance program which would have closed the entire public school system to stop even one Negro pupil from entering a white school. The courts killed that one.

When Byrd decided to retire from the Senate this month it probably took no more than a telephone conversation with his good friend the Governor to secure the appointment of Harry Jr. as his successor. "Young Harry" is described as a more arrogant, less imposing

"Thanks, Dad."

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but otherwise faithful copy of his father. He has successfully run the *Winchester Star* – which his father inherited at the age of 15. However, new forces are rising in the commonwealth, and Byrd Jr. will face strong opposition when he runs on his own next year. It is not inconceivable that a moderate Democrat, perhaps Rep. Pat Jennings, can sidetrack him in a primary. "Young Harry" has never been popular with the machine higher-ups, and arrayed against him will be the growing vote of the Negro-labor-liberal bloc, plus assorted anti-Byrd elements. For the first time in a generation, the election of a Byrd in Virginia will not be automatic.

Cavanagh Is Willin'

Detroit's Mayor Could Be Called to Higher Duties

Detroit

To the growing list of mayors who are using the ticket of big city politics to ride to national prominence, add Jerome Patrick Cavanagh – a chunky, apple-cheeked, 37-year-old Democrat with eight children, who won his second term as mayor of Detroit by getting nearly 70 percent of the vote. Consciously styling his image and rhetoric after John F. Kennedy, Cavanagh emerged this month as the most powerful political figure in Detroit. Campaigning as a nonpartisan, he won support from the powerful United Auto Workers as well as the automotive manufacturers. He pulled with him into office every liberal city council candidate he endorsed, including a Negro.

The desperation of Michigan Democrats is forcing some of them to play with the idea of recruiting Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara to run next year against Republican Governor George Romney. But Democratic wise men like National Committeeman Neil Staebler doubt that McNamara is ready to leave Washington, or that President Johnson would allow him to go; they are therefore turning to Cavanagh.

It is known that the mayor would not consider stepping down during his second term if the city council president (who would become acting mayor) were a member of the conservative opposition. In Detroit's complicated electoral system, the council candidate who polls the highest number of votes becomes president. One of two conservatives had been favored to get the top spot. But Cavanagh laid his personal popularity on the line and publicly endorsed liberals Ed Carey and James H. Brickley. They won, in that order, and Carey will be the council president.

Cavanagh's success is all the more remarkable in that he had not sought political office before running for mayor in 1961. He ran then because he wanted just enough exposure to assure him some appointment. However, as the campaign against incumbent Louis Miriani wore on, it was evident that the 33-year-old attorney had caught the crest of an unexpected wave. The city was without funds for real improvement; it was strangling on its downtown congestion and decay. Detroit's 300,000 Negroes – nearly 30 percent of the population – were angry with an administration almost entirely indifferent to their needs. They were particularly angry with the police force, virtually all-white, and there were constant charges of brutality by officers who earlier had had to learn not to brutalize union men. The one-sided Negro vote was almost entirely responsible for Cavanagh's upset victory over Miriani.

Having promised to "get Detroit moving again," Cavanagh surrounded himself with young, hep advisers. He went to the campuses for men like Richard Strichartz, a Wayne State University professor, whom he appointed city controller. He made the taxpayers like a one-percent city income tax levied against all who work in Detroit. He wiped out a $34.5 million deficit he inherited. With the city budget more than balanced, he cut property taxes and a tax on industrial machinery, thus encouraging new industry, and encouraging plants already in Detroit to expand.

Since 1961 he has been a master of federal grantsmanship, bringing to Detroit more than 70 million federal dollars for various programs, including the nation's first major anti-poverty campaign and job-retraining center. He appointed as police commissioner Ray Girardin, a former newspaperman and probation officer with a lifelong knowledge of police officers, their strengths and their shortcomings. Girardin actively sought Negro recruits and got them. Negroes already on the force found the upper ranks suddenly open to them, and Negro citizens found Girardin's door open. In 1963, on the 20th anniversary of the Detroit race riot that killed 34 persons, the mayor led 150,000 Negroes and whites in a Freedom March through downtown Detroit. That downtown area, with a new convention and civic center and new glass and concrete office buildings, is again thriving. The trend that sent Detroiters to the suburbs has slowed; many suburbanites have returned to the inner city.

While the President is concerned with the Great Society, Cavanagh says he is concerned with the Great Metropolis. For the time being. But his advisers have convinced him he is one of 20 Democrats in the nation qualified to be President. He finds it difficult to disagree.

SAUL FRIEDMAN

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Nuclear Weapons in Orbit

The Soviet Union, which eight years ago unwittingly sparked a costly space race that its hard-pressed economy could ill afford, now may have launched unintentionally an even more expensive armaments race in space. There will be strong pressure here during coming months, with the US Air Force in the vanguard, to develop satellites armed with thermonuclear bombs, an action which is likely to jeopardize the United Nations agreement of two years ago that the United States and the Soviet Union would refrain from putting nuclear weapons in orbit.

This unhappy turn of events results from a single sentence recently released by *Tass*, the official Soviet press agency, which identified a large three-stage rocket in a November 7 Moscow military parade as one that "can deliver [its] surprise blow on the first *or any other orbit around the earth.*" (Italics added.) This sentence will be quoted many times during coming months by those in this country who are anxious to turn space into the military battleground of the future or honestly fear that it must inevitably become one.

The *Tass* statement may have been no more than a saber-rattling response to the recent US decision to proceed with its military Manned Orbital Laboratory (MOL) program to explore the potential space role for military observers in the fields of reconnaissance and early warning (*NR*, September 11). As we reported at that time, ". . . in view of previous USAF statements about the need to 'control space,' it would be surprising if the Russians don't conclude that there is more behind the project. . . . If MOL prompts the Soviets to expand their own military space effort, the USAF can cite this as reason to expand MOL, to give it the ability to maneuver in space and rendezvous with Soviet satellites to inspect them for possible 'hostile intent'."

When the Soviets first displayed their new three-stage rocket last May, it was identified as being "similar" to one used to place Russian cosmonauts in orbit. Since the Russians, like ourselves, have demonstrated the ability to bring a manned spacecraft back to earth by means of radio signals to within several hundred miles of the intended recovery area, it does not take much imagination to envision a plowshares-to-swords modification which would substitute a thermonuclear warhead for the cosmonauts. Both the US and the USSR have used similar techniques to recover reconnaissance photographs made in orbit.

But as we and the Russians have learned from hard experience, both with manned and unmanned spacecraft, the payload sometimes falls far outside the intended recovery area due to equipment malfunctions in the spacecraft. This is one of the major reasons why the idea of placing thermonuclear weapons in orbit has not appealed to most US weaponeers and presumably to their Soviet counterparts. If any country were so unwise as to place one or more thermonuclear weapon in orbit there would always be the risk, no matter how remote, that a spacecraft malfunction could bring the weapon down on the country that launched it, on an ally or a neutral.

There are many other technical reasons which make bombardment satellites unattractive. For example, the same rocket which is used to put such a satellite in orbit, if used as a long-range ballistic missile, can deliver a far larger warhead with far greater accuracy and with a much greater element of surprise. Furthermore, it is far easier to knock down a hostile satellite than to defend against a mass ICBM attack.

These reasons made it relatively easy for the US and the USSR to reach agreement on banning bombs in orbit two years ago, without either showing concern over the comparative inability to assure that the other was not secretly violating the agreement. All analyses by Pentagon strategists suggested that if the Soviets were to violate the agreement, they might orbit one or two bombardment satellites and attempt to use them for blackmail in some difficult international period, much as Khrushchev had rattled his long-range rockets in the late 1950's and early 1960's.

To guard against this possibility, the Pentagon developed two anti-satellite weapons by modifying its Thor medium-range ballistic missile and its Nike Zeus anti-ICBM missile. The existence of these anti-satellite weapons was announced a year ago by President Johnson during the campaign in answer to Senator Goldwater's charges that the US was defenseless against a Russian effort to use space for hostile purposes.

No one thought that if the Soviets developed an orbital weapon they would publicly disclose it in the politically ineffective manner in which they have done so, for this would alert the US and give us time to strengthen our anti-satellite defenses. This the Pentagon is sure to do during coming months. Washington's reaction to the *Tass* disclosure is best described as "calm and confident." The State Department said the Soviet statement was being studied "with care and with relation" to the earlier UN resolution banning orbital weapons, to determine if it amounted to a technical violation of the agreement.

There is reason to speculate that the *Tass* statement indicates Soviet suspicions that the US manned orbital laboratory is really intended for use as a bombardment satellite. In the October issue of *Air Force Magazine*, the authoritative, if unofficial, voice of the USAF, an

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article on the MOL suggests that one of the secondary objectives of the program is "bombardment," which in truth is not the case. The article goes on to say: "It should be noted that the potentialities of bombardment from space can be studied without carrying weapons into orbit. Such studies are necessary if the advantages of such weapons are to be understood precisely and proper contingency defenses prepared." In their writings, top Soviet military men frequently cite such articles as proof that the US is attempting to turn space into a military arena.

It would be unfortunate, but certainly understandable, if articles such as these provided ammunition which enabled the Soviet military to gain financial support for an expanded military space effort. Certainly US military space proponents use such statements by Russian military leaders and periodicals as justification for their own ambitions. Only last month, General Bernard Schriever, who is directing the USAF's MOL project, said in St. Louis: "Our military responsibility in space is to respond to the threat – both stated and implied – which is posed by Soviet space technology and Soviet political ambitions." Now General Schriever has fresh ammunition.

Scarcely more than two years ago, speaking in Houston, President Kennedy said: "We have vowed that we shall not see space filled with weapons of mass destruction, but with instruments of knowledge and understanding . . . space can be explored and mastered without feeding the fires of war, without repeating the mistakes that man has made in extending his writ around this globe of ours." A week later, Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, speaking at the UN, said: "Being willing now to take steps in order to prevent the spread of the armaments race to outer space . . . the Soviet government deems it necessary to reach agreement with the US government to ban the placing into orbit of objects with nuclear weapons aboard."

Recent events suggest that difficult as it may be to negotiate meaningful arms control agreements, it is equally difficult to maintain them.

RAYMOND D. SENTER

Alabama Unbound

Will Flowers Bloom in the Spring?

by Andrew Kopkind

Montgomery

George Wallace was once bantamweight boxing champion of Alabama. That may not be impressive as a boxing title, but it meant a lot to Wallace. He fought his way out of the poverty and decay of rural Alabama into the state legislature, defied the federal government as a young circuit judge, sought and lost the governorship, then ran for it again and won. Along the way he knocked out everyone in sight, by fair means when they suited, and much of the time by foul. Last month, George Wallace took it on the chin.

He was somehow convinced that he can be, or at least should be, President of the United States. In the nightmare world of Alabama, imperatives and possibilities merge; Wallace understands that he must save the Republic. First, of course, he had to save Alabama, which was not an easy task, and one term of four years – the constitutional limitation – not nearly enough time to do it. There would be too much dead air between 1966, when his term as governor expires, and 1968, when he must again take up his Presidential mission, and so the Alabama state constitution clearly had to be changed.

In September, Wallace summoned his legislature back into session and presented it with a constitutional amendment allowing governors to succeed themselves. It passed the lower house handsomely. But there were dark days ahead in the senate. A small number of senators, with as many motives, began a furious battle to destroy the succession bill. Some of them were in league with other gubernatorial hopefuls: former governor John Patterson, who defeated Wallace in 1958, temporarily retired in 1962, and now is running again,

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had three or four supporters filibustering against the bill. Ryan deGraffenried, another candidate, had his few friends. The biggest businessmen in Alabama, who despise Wallace for good reasons and bad, influenced some senators, and a variety of other interests lobbied against the bill. Over it all was the sense that it was time to rid the state, and perhaps the nation, of this dangerous man.

Wallace was almost equal to the battle. He had a clear majority in the senate, but not the two-thirds needed to break a filibuster, and just barely could he get the three-fifths necessary to amend the constitution. He appealed to the state supreme court to change the rules on the cloture majority in his favor, and was rebuffed six-to-one. He staged a television extravaganza from the floor of the senate, during which his supporters took the seats of opposition legislators and applauded enthusiastically his every argument. He toured the counties over the heads of the senators, like Woodrow Wilson in Europe, but for the first time, the crowds were less than totally supportive. Wallace's state treasurer threatened to withhold a half-million dollars in aid to a college in an opposition senator's district unless the man's vote changed, but the maneuver was exposed (the major papers were devastatingly anti-Wallace) and it backfired. To get back at the papers, some liquor companies (who can make millions each year at Wallace's discretion, for they must deal with state package stores the governor controls) withdrew their advertising from the six worst-offending newspapers. School-design contracts were denied architects in opposition strongholds. But at last it was to no avail. With 21 votes needed, Wallace's senate leaders could get only 18; three men were diplomatically absent, the opposition held 14, and the war of the Alabama succession was over.

Cracks in the Edifice

Down but not out: Wallace is in the middle of a fight for his political life, and he will try everything. He must be aware, however, that the fantastic edifice he has built in a few years is full of cracks, that if Alabama is not now about to burst apart, it may be ready in a few years, and there will be a scramble for the pieces. The Negro population (half the state) is certainly available for political power, even if there are few signs of significant organization. The whites, who for years have worshipped Moderation secretly and at night like the Marranos in Spain worshipped the God of Israel, may yet be converted to the side of Action. The position that some senators took against Wallace has polarized their own thinking, and they have begun to believe what for the past month they have only been saying.

Wallace has to look no farther than the pretty white state office building behind the capitol to find an agent of the changes which he dreads. Richmond Flowers, Alabama's Attorney General in orbit, hourly plots Wallace's political assassination. It is difficult to put down a definitive description of Flowers and where he stands, for he is moving too fast for the camera's shutter. One day he is preaching "gradualism" in the manner of the governors of Virginia for the last several years; the next day he is speculating on the possibilities of a third party (with himself as a leader) "something like the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party." He condemns Martin Luther King in the morning, and before the evening papers are out has moved past King and up even with the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee.

He is perhaps the most intriguing politician in the country this fall, a mixture of Earl Long and Hubert Humphrey and – here's the clinker – George Wallace himself. Flowers comes from the flamboyant Alabama tradition that produced "Kissin' Jim" Folsom, the huge shaggy governor that both he and Wallace served (Wallace was Folsom's house floor leader). Folsom, in case anyone remembers, was against the poll tax 25 years ago, waged a campaign against "bloody Lowndes" County, battled the Klan, and was less racist than many Northern liberal governors could imagine. His sobriety was often a matter of controversy, as was, after all, his honesty (it is allowed that honesty is a luxury Alabama politicians cannot afford), and he loved the ladies, perhaps unwisely and too well.

Wallace and Flowers were both impressed by Folsom's Populism, and when Wallace ran against John Patterson for governor in 1958, it was as a Populist and racial moderate. The two strains are not, unfortunately, logically connected, and when Patterson won as a supporter of the Klan, Wallace learned the lesson. "No one," George Wallace said on election night that year, "is ever going to out-nigger me again."

No one has even tried. "Wallace could have gone the other way," one of his old acquaintances said nostalgically. "He'd take any opportunity, and the way things were going in Alabama, the easiest way was the racist way." Flowers, too, was looking for his opportunity, and he doubtless saw his role as Wallace's historic antagonist. As Wallace was delivering his inauguration harangue in January, 1963, Flowers was a few blocks away making his: "Alabama's soul will soon be laid bare before the world. God grant that we may not be ashamed of it." Five months later came Birmingham.

There was more to that speech than Flowers now would perhaps care to recall ("we in the Deep South have become a militant minority through no fault of our own. The socialistic changes occurring around us are revolting to us and to accept any part of most of them asks us to abandon a way of life that has been

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precious to us for many generations"). But for the most part it had the right ring. The sensitivity of Alabamians to subtle political distinctions is perhaps equalled only by the most knowledgeable kremlinologists. Flowers' message came through the jamming and scrambling of the Southern mythology.

Flowers was cautious during the Birmingham demonstrations, conciliatory during the Selma marches, and, finally, explosive during the Hayneville trials. He bulled his way into Lowndes County and took over the trial of Thomas L. Coleman for the murder of Jonathan Daniels; he investigated the Klan (with negative assistance from the governor's office), badgered Col. Al Lingo of the State Police (Flowers practically accused Lingo of complicity in the crime), and intensified his attacks on Wallace. He began speaking in the North (as Wallace had done before); he had his credentials ratified by addressing the Harvard Law School, flew to Miami and California for television appearances, and came to Washington to seek support from the Johnson Administration.

Strangely enough, he went home disappointed. The bureaucratic gentry does not take kindly to Flowers. Northeasterners mistrust him, and more than that they, like a lot of people in Alabama, are put off by the freewheeling, unpredictable, agrarian Populist manner.

It is difficult for most men born north of the Tennessee River to have much sympathy for George Wallace, but a few hours spent with Alabama aristocrats will begin to produce it. "Wallace is an example of poor breeding," one of them said (after he told how he had – quietly – liked Negroes for years). Another thought Wallace's Administration so trashy "I wouldn't have but one of them to my house for dinner." It is hard to blame them, of course: it is one thing to see George Wallace as an interesting example of political sociology, and another to live under his ghastly lead for three years. But it is unfortunate that the moderates – the descendants of the Bourbon aristocrats – also dislike Flowers for the reasons they despise Wallace. They hint at scandalous behavior (something about state insurance contracts) and Flowers' "opportunism," and they suggest that he wrecked the Hayneville trials by antagonizing the community. Perhaps he dresses too nattily. They say he has isolated himself politically and cannot be "effective." What their idea of effectiveness is, is not immediately clear. The opinion rubs off on visitors from Washington, who after all only talk to the "moderates," and assimilate their ideas.

Flowers, Wallace and Folsom are all "outsiders." At the University of Alabama, that great denominator of politicians, they were outside the club. John Sparkman and Lister Hill were inside. They are "gentlemen," and one of the rules of their game is nonintervention in the dirty affairs of Alabama. The Senators concern themselves with foreign aid and medical care in Washington, and exert no influence on Alabama except during election years, when they do what they can to get votes. They are perfectly happy to filibuster on civil rights bills, and, in the case of Hill more recently, vote against a great deal of liberal legislation, in order to preserve their standing as gentlemen back home. Their fellows in the Senate understand perfectly.

The Charge of the White Liberals

Washington did not understand Flowers. He feels rebuffed by the US Attorney General, and neglected by the national Democrats. Not that the national party or the Administration has exerted any pressure on Alabama, or withheld a penny in federal funds to put Wallace down. But even when asked for help on the Klan investigation and back-up support on the Hayneville trials, little was forthcoming from up North. Flowers also would like some encouragement to lead the charge of the white liberals in Alabama, and that perhaps is the biggest problem of all. He does not seem to be Washington's choice.

Politics in Alabama in this season is compounded of uncertainty and fantasy. It reads like a teaser for a bad serial in a women's magazine: will George Wallace's wife, the lovely Lurleen Burns, the flower of Southern womanhood, run for governor and let George have a vicarious second term? Or will Wallace find a different candidate to be his viceroy: his brother Jack, for instance, or the speaker of the house of representatives, the crafty Albert P. Brewer? Or will he run against, and surely demolish, the beloved John Sparkman in the Democratic senatorial primary? Will two hearts beat as one, as George and Lurleen run each for their favorite office, on the same ticket?

Those are the possibilities, in any case, and perhaps even Wallace has not made his choice. His popularity is diminished after the succession defeat, but it is recoverable. Wallace is the most powerful governor anyone in Alabama can remember. He rouses rabble like few men before him. His Administration has not been all bad, although racism so colors the picture that

COMING: *An account by James Ridgeway of an Indian tribe that has lost its way*

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everything else pales to insignificance. He has the Populist faith in education, although he has no good idea of what education is for, or what schools should be (he appointed a hack to head one state college, tried to push a speaker-ban law through the legislature, and generally demoralized the educators at every turn). To finance free textbooks, higher teachers' salaries and a string of jerry-built junior colleges, Wallace recommended "soak-the-rich" taxes, but accepted a regressive sales tax and consumer taxes when the legislature balked. In the process, though, he earned the suspicions of big business. Wallace boasts that his Administration is responsible for major industrial expansion, but he is inaccurate on two counts: he has had very little to do with what normal expansion has occurred, and even that, proportionately, has not boosted Alabama's position in the national standings, which is still very low.

Race is the only topic worth talking about in Alabama. Everything Wallace does has racial underpinnings, and the politics of the state is, quite simply, the politics of race. A civil rights uprising, such as Martin Luther King hopes to foment with his campaign on "segregated justice" will force Wallace's opposition back into their gopher holes for the duration of the conflict.

Patterson is by far the front-runner this month. He alone in contemporary Alabama history failed to observe the tradition of losing once in a gubernatorial election before winning it. He rode the wave of popularity generated by his father's assassination in the Phenix City cleanup, was elected attorney general and then stepped up to governor. This time he is running against the Wallace record of "stand up for Alabama."

Somewhat behind Patterson is Ryan deGraffenried, whom Wallace defeated in 1962, and behind *him* is Carl Elliott, an Alabama gentleman of the best kind, who was defeated for reelection to Congress in the Goldwater sweep of the state last year. Elliott has gone home to Jasper, a small county seat in the pleasant hills north of Birmingham. In Washington, he was every liberal's favorite Southerner; he was an early pioneer in federal aid to education (author of the National Defense Education Act) and except for the automatic votes against civil rights, he has an impeccable national Democratic voting record. Elliott hopes that Alabama is ready for a truly moderate governor, one who can bring the state out of its delusions, but he is not sure that he can make it. Still, the value is in trying; with Flowers pushing open the possibilities of dialogue, Elliott suddenly has a place closer to the middle to occupy. He is no longer an "extremist" in Alabama terms. He is in his fifties, and need not make this fight his last (he has turned down Administration jobs), but it is surely to the public good that he hold on to the ghost of a chance he has.

Jim Clark, the butcher of Selma, is running for governor too, under what sheet it is not hard to discern. The Republicans, who have a few offices around the state (including some in the legislature) have their own hopes. Rep. Jim Martin, who almost defeated Lister Hill last time around, may have a go at the governorship or perhaps at Sparkman; and a Montgomery real estate magnate, Winton Blount, has gubernatorial aspirations, too. There are obviously an infinite number of permutations and combinations of candidates for the politically inclined to fool with: can Blount beat Elliott with Wallace running for the Senate? and that sort of thing, but it is a game played in a vacuum until everybody has announced.

Flowers for Governor

Flowers, like Wallace, has yet to say what he will do, but he would be ill-advised to run against Sparkman in the primary (President Johnson is said to want Sparkman reelected, and Flowers will have to maintain some loyalty to the national Democratic Party). Chances are good, however, that he will announce for governor, and pray like mad for Attorney General Katzenbach to send more federal voting registrars to his state.

Flowers is pushed further and further each day into becoming the Negroes' candidate; he is not, as far as one can tell now, anybody else's. He gets letters of praise from secret white moderates, who say how sorry they are that they cannot yet speak out for him. As of the first of this month, Flowers had a fairly unsophisticated idea of what the civil rights movement was all about; a week later, he had progressed about three years' worth of attitudes. He is, at this writing, up to about 1961, which is 10 years later than his closest white compatriot. It will become increasingly difficult now to bring himself up to date. There are tough hurdles to jump, but Flowers is a great athlete (his son is an Olympics track hopeful; characteristically, Flowers let him eschew the hallowed halls of the University of Alabama for a more promising track career at Tennessee) and he is eager to learn.

What he can make of the Negro vote is anybody's guess. Last weekend he spoke to the Alabama Democratic Conference Inc. (ADCI), an organization of "middle-class" Negroes without, as yet, much political power. Flowers told them his idea for a third party, and suggested his own candidacy. He could do worse. One of these days there will be three- or four-hundred-thousand Negroes voting in Alabama, and they will certainly vote as a bloc for any candidate who looks helpful to their interests. By spring, with a great deal of luck, Flowers may be considered a serious contender for office.

Flowers is putting a great deal of faith in the ADCI,

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and there is some feeling that it may be misplaced. Unlike Mississippi, where there is virtually no Negro middle class, at least outside of Jackson, Alabama has fairly well situated Negroes in every town and city. Industrialization in the Tennessee Valley, in Birmingham (next to Atlanta, the biggest urban center in the Deep South), and in Mobile gives Alabama a special urban character. The Negro middle class has never been specifically excluded from the state's political life; except for the sparsely populated Black Belt counties, Negroes have been segregated but not enslaved. The middle class has voted for years, and a few have been accepted into the Democratic Party, which would be unthinkable in Mississippi. Alabama is far more sophisticated – and probably tougher to crack. Although the official Alabama Democratic Party emblem is still the racist rooster ("White Supremacy for the Right") there are Negroes on county committees, and the city of Tuskegee, for one, has a mixed city council – two Negroes and three whites. It was the result of a complicated set of political maneuvers put into motion by Dr. C. G. Gomillion, professor at the all-Negro Tuskegee Institute. He is a brilliant, hard-nosed politician, no Uncle Tom, and there are others like him around the state.

But it is nonetheless true that the mass of Negroes are still politically uneducated, and neither the ADCI nor Flowers nor the Gomillion followers have any plan for bringing them quickly into the political life of the state. The only group trying very hard is SNCC, which has 20 to 25 workers in the Black Belt, with headquarters in Selma. The SNCC operation gets no help from the older Negro leaders, and sometimes a good deal of trouble. One "respected" Negro political leader, a dentist in Huntsville named John L. Cashin Jr., said earlier this month that Alabama SNCC did not even exist, and if it did, it was up to no good. Cashin said that whoever was organizing in the Black Belt (it was SNCC, indeed) ought to get out. "The thing I'm really fearful of is that this group will start a well-financed campaign."

For the time being, Cashin need have few fears. With about 100 more workers, and perhaps $40,000, SNCC could revolutionize Alabama politics in the next six months. The Negroes in the Black Belt still have only the barest idea of what they can do with their numerical superiority. Next spring, primaries for county elections will be held. They are of vital importance in the lives of the people, but the Negroes have for so long been outside of county politics that they would not know a tax assessor if he came upon them in the street. Much less do they know why he is important to them, or what they can do to elect a Negro to the job. SNCC is trying to spread the word, and to organize the Negroes into independent political movements that could exert power; probably later rather than sooner they will succeed, but at present they simply do not have the resources to accomplish the task.

SNCC workers are afraid, too, that the marches and demonstrations that King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference is planning will eliminate any possibility for political organization before spring. Mass demonstrations destroy local movements; all energies and attention are directed at the symbolic act of protest. King's answer is to plan voter registration drives at the same time as the marches, but the workers in the field doubt whether the two programs can be complementary. (Officially, however, SNCC will cooperate with King.)

Waiting for the Tide

There will probably not be enough Negro votes next year to elect Flowers to anything, but his strategy is long-range and he will not be put off. After all, no one expects to win the governorship the first time around. He is sure he is riding the wave of the future, and he can wait for the tide to come in. He pays little attention any more to the opposition, or even to those "friends" who like to question his motives and tend to doubt his sincerity. It's what a man does, after all, that counts. He is sincere at least about what he said yesterday, and tomorrow he will be sincere about what he is saying today.

What horrors George Wallace has in store for the American people remain to be seen. He might decide to lay low for four years and run again for governor in 1970, observing the traditional rule of "win four, wait four." But the most diabolical scheme developed by Wallace-watchers in Alabama has him running for the Senate against Sparkman (despite a state constitutional prohibition against governors seeking federal office before a year's time elapses after they finish their state term. Wallace, ironically, claims the US Constitution supersedes the state rule, and it probably does). He will surely beat the Senator in the primary, win the election (Martin will not run against him) and thereupon embark upon a year of bullying and trouble-making in the manner of McCarthy a generation ago. He will gather around him the racists, the Birchers, the anti-busers, the Hanoi-bombers, and the nuttier dropouts from the Goldwater fruitcake. He assumes that there will be no serious Republican right-winger to challenge his lead, and in 1968 he will run for President on a third-party ticket – against a weak "moderate" Republican, and Lyndon Johnson. If he is lucky, Wallace can come in second, ruin the Republican Party forever, and establish himself as a major force in American politics. Now that may be fantasy, but it is enough to give most people the willies, and the South has given the country terrible turns before.

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FALL BOOK REVIEW

The Pasternak Legacy

by John Wain

This is a very useful book, and no one but Donald Davie could have written it. He is a poet; he knows Russian; and as a critic he has the patience to assemble minute particulars and unravel complicated questions. If, in what follows, I dissent from some of his findings, that is only to be expected. Pasternak's masterpiece has been before the public for only seven years; in his own country, it has not been before the public at all. The task of experiencing and appreciating it has only just begun, and it must necessarily be a collaboration. We must all make our contribution, and Mr. Davie's is a notable one that will always be a landmark.

The Poems of Doctor Zhivago
by Donald Davie
(Barnes and Noble; $5)

Briefly, he has translated afresh the 25 poems which Pasternak wrote for his poet-hero, and written a detailed and extremely interesting commentary in which he relates each poem to the narrative. This was a task, till now, largely unattempted. I must leave to others the job of appraising Mr. Davie's translations; they read pleasantly, judged simply as English verse, and he has exercised the poet's privilege of making anything he translates sound rather like something he has written himself. Beyond that, I have no comment to offer: I shall continue to use the simple but elegant literal version offered by Max Hayward and Manya Harari, because it is less densely written and easier to follow when one's object is simply to find out what is going on. But the Davie versions, naturally, read more like *poems;* and they are probably closer to the texture and tang of the originals.

What interests me chiefly is the commentary. It is impossible to relate the poems to the narrative without providing some theory of what the narrative itself is about; and though Mr. Davie's theory has to be gleaned in scraps here and there, rather as one gleans the plot of *Pale Fire,* we must take what we can get and be grateful. It would have made the book easier to read if there had been an introductory essay, setting out Mr. Davie's view of *Dr. Zhivago* as a whole, before the poem-by-poem commentary; but then, criticism of this academic severity does not aim to make itself easy to read.

At the heart of *Dr. Zhivago* is . . . but sentences that begin like that have a way of not getting finished. There is no one theme or preoccupation at the heart of *Dr. Zhivago;* or, rather, the novel's richness is such that it seems to be all heart; everything in it is central and indispensable. We can, however, distinguish some three or four main strands that, braided together, form the main cable that holds the book taut. These are: Zhivago's art, and his approach to the business of being an artist; his version of Christianity and his interest in the Gospel narrative; his love for Lara; his vivid relationship with nature and with the Russian earth. All these interrelate so closely that it is impossible to say where they merge into each other. They are part of the personality of Zhivago and they correspond exactly to the same things in the personality of Pasternak. The historical existence of Pasternak is contained and illuminated in the fictional existence of Zhivago.

This is not to say that *Dr. Zhivago* can be lumped in with that drearily predictable modern phenomenon, the "autobiographical novel." So many 20th-Century novels are more or less openly offered as fictionalized autobiography, and so few of such books are interesting, that one might be forgiven for approaching *Dr. Zhivago* with an absolutely rigid determination to keep Zhivago separate from Pasternak, to avoid any tainting suggestion that might tend to shove this great imaginative artist into the banal hold-all of the novel "taken from experience." Mr. Davie seems to me to have taken some such resolve. He is always fighting to keep Yuri Zhivago firmly in command of the subject-matter of the poems, and to push away the intrusive Boris Pasternak.

For instance, the poem "In Holy Week" echoes the description in Chapter Ten of the novel, of the Siberian town of Krestovozdvizhensk; but Zhivago was never there, and the scene is described through the eyes of the grocer's wife Galuzina. Mr. Davie faces this difficulty very squarely, searching in the narrative for anything that will link Zhivago with Krestovozdvizhensk, and also pointing out that if Boris Pasternak can show imagination in seeing things through other people's eyes, so can Yuri Zhivago, who "is supposed to be at least as good a poet." Quite so, quite so! Again, in the poem "Explanation," several stanzas echo very exactly

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the feelings towards Lara not only of Zhivago but of the unscrupulous lawyer, Komarovsky, who seduced her in girlhood. "But how," Mr. Davie asks, "could Zhivago know what had gone on in Komarovsky's heart and head?" And then proceeds to answer his own question. This over-anxious ratiocination seems to arise from a fear lest we might assume that Pasternak had just written the poems, not troubling about dramatic propriety but letting them well out from his own meditations, as author, on the story he had to tell. What Mr. Davie is doing, in fact, is to tidy up after Pasternak, to arrange his large and prodigal effects according to logic and reasonableness.

I believe, however, that the struggle is hopeless. We must always be ready to recognize the awkward fact that a great masterpiece might arise in a category we justly despise. Pasternak's novel *is* "autobiographical"; not in the usual sense that the author lacks the imagination to describe anything that has not happened to him or directly in front of him; but in the sense that he has, humbly and generously and joyfully, put his life at the service of his art.

Yuri Zhivago's life-style, his outlook on civilization, art and history, his poetic relationship with the work of other leading Russian poets from Pushkin to Blok, are demonstrably Pasternak's own. But (need I say?) the portraiture, the self-exposure, are not the prime motivation. The novel transcends them. With their material, it builds a structure to which we could never apply the feeble little tag of "autobiographical novel." And yet the element of reminiscence, of self-identification with the hero, is there; transcended, but not rejected, and certainly not pushed away behind any anxiously tidy fence of literary theory or purity of method. Pasternak hasn't – in a word – bothered too much about whether he or Zhivago was writing the poem. If inconsistencies have crept in, if Zhivago now and then seems to know something which, in strict logic, the novel hasn't yet unfolded to him, no one need fret.

The "poems of Dr. Zhivago" are not given in the text of the novel. They occur at the end, in a cluster. Mr. Davie doesn't offer any explanation as to why Pasternak chose this method, except to say in his Introduction, "The 16 chapters of prose narrative present us with [Zhivago's] life; the seventeenth chapter, of poems . . . presents the art which came out of that life, its crown and its justification." This is true. But if Zhivago's poems had been set down on the page at the various points in the story at which he is supposed to write them, they would be anchored to the narrative with a literalness that, as things are, Pasternak has avoided. Coming all together at the end, they form a series of meditations on Zhivago's experience, which is also Pasternak's. Interspersed in the text, they would have been like the arias in an opera compared with its recitative. But by coming all together, they form a separate work which has its own being. So that those passages in Mr. Davie's book in which he pushes away so anxiously the thought that this or that part of this or that poem might spring from Pasternak's mind rather than Zhivago's, seem to me less interesting than the passages which concern themselves directly with the way the poems impinge on and light up the novel's central themes.

In other words, there is a narrowness of preoccupation in the critic which does not measure up to the miraculous breadth of the novel. And we see this same narrowness in Mr. Davie's tendency to insist that Zhivago is a poet first, last and all the time, that his poetry is the supreme end of his life, that the whole novel tells the story of how he accepts his destiny as a poet. Quoting from another critic, F. D. Reeve, whose interpretation seems to be the only previous one which he fully accepts, Mr. Davie writes:

> "F. D. Reeve says finely, of *Dr. Zhivago* as a whole, 'Zhivago, who sets out to reform the world and to minister to it, gradually gives himself over to transforming it.' And in this poem ["White Night"] the transformation is so complete that it ought to prove to Gordon and Dudorov, and to us, how right Zhivago was to make this choice: since the only sure pledge of enlightenment and liberty to come is the capacity for transforming experience into poetry."

Mr. Reeve's statement is true if it is applied to the novel up to a certain point in the action: the sojourn of Yuri and Lara at Varykino, when they enjoy that ecstatic happiness founded on despair, and when Yuri experiences the crest of his creative life as a poet. But it has no application to the latter stages, in which Zhivago becomes ever seedier and more negligent; nor does it apply very accurately to the opening of the story, for I see no real evidence that Zhivago "set out to reform the world and to minister to it." And when Mr. Davie builds on this the theory that the imaginative activity of poetry is "the only sure pledge of enlightenment and liberty to come," it seems to me that he is being too categorical, tying the novel down too much to being the story of a poet. Of course Zhivago is a poet; but he is also a martyr; and he is deliberately portrayed as having both kinds of awareness, artistic and scientific. Mr. Davie does not mention the fact, insisted on in the narrative, that Zhivago as a medical man has a conspicuous gift for diagnosis. That is, starting from a part, he can divine the whole. And this gift characterizes him not merely as a poet but as a man, so that if he were represented as having never written a word, he would still be the Zhivago we know, able to carry the main weight of the story.

More illuminatingly, Mr. Davie remarks that ". . . As a poet quite plainly Zhivago uses the Christian story as a myth, structural and archetypal, just as for instance Joyce uses the Odysseus story."

Here again I would knock down the literary fence; instead of comparing Joyce (actual novelist) with Zhivago (imaginary poet) I would make the straight comparison, Joyce with Pasternak. He uses the Gospel story in the same way in which Joyce, in *Ulysses*, uses *The Odyssey*: as the large diagram, the more universal reverberation, behind the individual story. And for the same reason. *The Odyssey* is the story of a voyage, full of perils and adventures, that ends in a homecoming. Both Bloom and Dedalus have this same experience. So, in *Dr. Zhivago*, the Christian story is used as a sustaining and over-arching myth because Zhivago's experience is a human reflection of Christ's. And Christ, in the view of both Zhivago and his creator, is in any case a human being, though we know him in the dimension of myth. Pasternak, who in later years described himself as "an atheist who has lost his

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faith," appears hardly interested in the question of whether Christ was divine. What interests him is that Christ's experience gave meaning to history. He sees the martyrdom and resurrection of Christ not as a unique event, happening once and for all, but as an archetypal experience that could be reenacted at any time if the right man would consent to undergo it. Zhivago is that right man.

Zhivago, by the standards of strenuous revolutionary (or capitalist) morality, appears as a drifter. He is the apotheosis of Oblomov, the counterpart of Hamlet. Revolutionary saints like Strelnikov, revolutionary brutes like Pamphil, are alike to him in that they substitute the whole for the part. What he stands for is the creative surrender to the flow of experience. In the moments when he is most fully alive – that is, when writing his poems or loving Lara – he acts almost without volition. The climax of this exalted Oblomovism is the episode, by which Mr. Davie confesses himself puzzled, when Zhivago lets Lara go away from Varykino with Komarovsky and makes no move to follow her. It is not in his nature to plan, to look up timetables, to emigrate. He must "roll darkling down the torrent of his fate." His destiny, like Christ's, is to suffer the worst that human life can do to him and still emerge, unshakably himself and unquenchably creative. He accepts the miracles of Yavgref in the same spirit in which Christ accepted the miraculous powers he was at times permitted by his Father to show. But at the end, the cup did not pass from him. If it had, there could have been no Resurrection.

The most important of Zhivago's poems, in fact, is the one he never wrote. It is described in Chapter Six, Section 15. During an attack of typhus, Zhivago lies in delirium, and it seems to him that he is writing a poem that he "should have written long ago and had always wished to write, but never could." The subject of this poem is the three-day entombment of Christ in the sepulchre.

"He had always wanted to describe how for three days the black, raging, worm-filled earth had assailed the deathless incarnation of love, storming it with rocks and rubble – as waves fly and leap at a sea coast, cover and submerge it – how . . . the black hurricane of earth raged, advancing and retreating. Two lines kept coming into his head:

'We are glad to be near you.'
and
'Time to wake up.'

"Near him, touching him, were hell, corruption, dissolution, death; yet equally near him were the spring and Mary Magdalene and life. And it was time to awake. Time to awake and to get up. Time to arise, time for the resurrection."

That is the subject of *Dr. Zhivago*. It is about the entombment in the sepulchre, and about how the spirit of humanity rose again, stronger and more generous for the very intensity of its ordeal.

COMMENTARY

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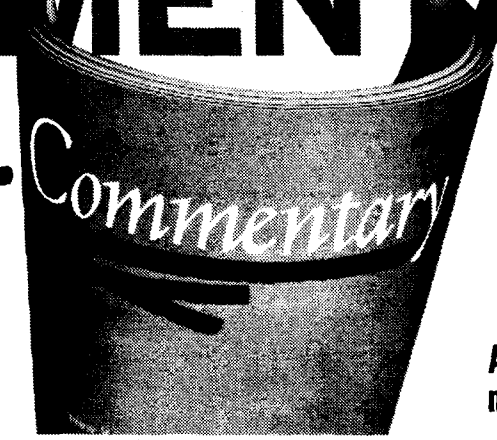

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Four Poems

by Robert Graves

Fortunate Child

For fear strangers might intrude upon us,
You and I played at being strangers
But lent our act such verisimilitude
That when at last, by hazard, we met alone
In a secret glen where the badger harbors
We had drawn away from love: did not prepare
For melting of eyes into hearts of flowers,
For a sun-aureated enhancement of hair,
For the over-riding of death on an eagle's back . . .
Yet so it was: sky shuddered apart before us
Until from a cleft of more than light we both
Overheard the laugh of a fortunate child
Swung from eagle talons in a gold cloth.

Tomorrow's Envy of Today

Historians may scorn the close engagement
Of Moon with Lion that we have witnessed
Here in this lair, here in this luminous grove,
May write me down as imbecile, or presume
A clot of madness festering in your heart –
Such is tomorrow's envy of today.

Today we are how we are, and how we see:
Alive, elate, untrimmed, without hazard
Of supersession: flowers that never fade
Leaves that never shrivel, truth persistent
Not as a prophecy of bliss to fall
A thousand generations hence on lovers
More fortunately circumstanced than we,
But as a golden interlock of power
Looped about every bush and branching tree.

The Wedding

When down I went to the rust-red quarry
I was informed, by birds, of your resolve
To live with me for ever and a day –
The day being always new and antecedent.
What could we ask of Nature? Nothing more
Than to outdo herself in our behalf.

Blossoms of caper, though they smell sweet,
Have never sailed the air like butterflies
Circling in innocent dance around each other
Over the cliff and out across the bay;
Nor has broom-blossom scorched a man's finger
With golden fire, kindled by sun.

Come, maids of honor and pages chosen
To attend this wedding, charged to perform
Incomparable feats – dance, caper-blossom!
Scorch, blossom of broom, our married fingers –
Though crowds of almost-men and almost-women
Howl for their lost immediacy.

Iron Palace

We stood together, side by side, rooted
At the iron heart of circumambient hills,
Parents to a new age, weeping in awe
That the lot had fallen, of all mankind, on us
Now sealed as love's exemplars.

We could not prevaricate or argue,
Citing involvement in some alien scene,
Nor plead unworthiness: none else would venture
To live detached from force of circumstances
As history neared its ending.

We told no one. These were not strange dreams
Recalled at breakfast with a yawning smile,
Nor tales for children, on the verge of sleep,
Who ask no questions. Our predicament
Remained a silent burden.

We had no token or proof, and needed none
Of what we learned that day; but laughed softly,
Watching our hands engage, in co-awareness
That these red hills warned us, on pain of death,
Never to disengage them.

Woman, wild and hard as the truth may be,
Nothing can circumvent it. We stand coupled
With chains, who otherwise might live apart
Conveniently paired, each with another,
And slide securely graveward.

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Becoming Bernard Shaw

by Stanley Kauffmann

What an especially irritating world it must be for those who dislike Shaw. During his lifetime, there he was, with irrepressible regularity, in their newspapers and magazines and theatres and bookshops. He is still very much in theatres around the world and, as a subject as well as an author, is still very much in the bookshops. (At least five new Shaw books in this season alone.)

Bernard Shaw
Collected Letters 1874-1897
edited by Dan H. Laurence
(Dodd, Mead; $12.50)

Of course one need neither see his plays nor read those books, but to the antipathetic, the fact of their existence and the effort of ignoring them must be a small crown, if not cushion, of thorns.

The most important book of these five latest, and the most important of the post-mortem Shaw industry, is, with maddening inevitability, by Shaw himself. Dan H. Laurence, a professor of English at New York University, has previously edited three collections of Shaw material – on music, polemics, and Ireland – which had been justifiably uncollected by the author. Now Laurence has embarked on the huge task of editing Shaw's letters for publication in four volumes, of which this is the first – ending in 1897 when Shaw was 41. Laurence has had a considerable job of selection. There is supposed to have been a total of well over a quarter million letters, postcards, and so forth, not now all extant or available. Of the available correspondence in this first period, Laurence has published 691 items. He has selected intelligently, with an awareness of context, inner sequences, overtones, and pertinences, and he has annotated the letters thoroughly with biographical and other data. As a reading volume, it is surprisingly interesting; very little tempts one to skip. As a reference work, it is invaluable, particularly since there is no completely satisfactory biography. (Of the major attempts, Henderson is out-of-date and incomplete anyway, Pearson is gossamer-brained, Ervine is all polarized adulation-and-jealousy by a dramatist-critic-friend who knows he was inferior but keeps trying to prove that he wasn't.)

The proportion of letters to calendar year naturally increases as time goes on and the subject's life becomes more full. The entries for 1887 fill only 20 pages, those for 1897 fill 125 pages. Not all of the entries were previously unknown; 235 had already been published, at least partially, but their inclusion here (like those to Ellen Terry) was necessary. In future volumes, the letters to, for example, Granville Barker and Mrs. Campbell must be included. Laurence has had access to the much-publicized but still unpublished diaries that Shaw kept from 1885 to 1897, now in the possession of the London School of Economics, and makes several helpful references to them.

In the letters there are dozens and dozens of engaging details, anecdotes, and small insights; there are also revelations of larger matters. A sampling of the former: Applying for a job at 23, he speaks of his one previous position:

> "In this post I sulkily distinguished myself so much that when, a year later, the cashier, an elderly man whose testimonials were quite as flattering as that which I enclose, absconded, I took his place. . . ."

By 1885 he was playing down his first name, probably out of dislike of his father, also a George.

There is an assortment of extensive advice on, among other topics, novel-writing (before he had published a line of fiction); interviewing; how to form a newspaper syndicate; speech lessons; how to write libretti; how to play Shakespeare (this to Ellen Terry).

There are stabs of history-alive. In letters to William Archer, he asks the Ibsen translator to "go to headquarters and consult Ibsen" for advice on a production of *Little Eyolf* in 1896. On a lower scale, we can also observe such matters as the arrival, trial, and acceptance of the telephone and typewriter.

There is an account of a bicycling collision with Bertrand Russell in 1895 that contains tiny sketches of the two not-yet-eminent men:

> "Russell, fortunately, was not even scratched; but his knickerbockers were demolished. . . . As for me, I flew through the air for several yards, and then smote the earth like a thunderbolt. . . . 'All right,' I shouted . . . 'I am not hurt' and bounded up, pulling myself all together instinctively. 'You *must* be,' said Russell, glaring at me in consternation."

Essentially this book is the record of a birth. In 1876 Shaw, at the age of 19, emigrated from Dublin and his father to join his mother and his surviving sister in London, where they had gone three years before. His reasons were a blighted romance, an aversion for his father and an affection for his mother, and a sense of possibility in London as against one of suffocation in Dublin. This book details the hatching of London Shaw. He said many years later that he was Irish by birth, English by conquest, and this volume contains the plans of campaign – the blithe but un-

Richard Hofstadter,

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shakeable self-assurance that is the mark of the genius or the pathetic crank. Either one fulfills these youthful assertions and assumptions about one's self, or one ends up as a graying figure of fun in bohemian cafés. The general image of this book is that Shaw erected a dream edifice and then slipped in realities underneath to sustain it.

There were two main sources of those realities. His first efforts at creative writing (as the phrase is) were failures – five novels that bounced dismally from publisher to publisher in London and New York. Then, while still supported by his mother's singing lessons, at the age of 27, he met William Archer in the British Museum reading room, and Archer got him his first critical posts. At about the same time he heard Henry George lecture, became interested in economics and socialism, and soon joined the newly formed Fabian Society. These twin avenues of critical journalism (art, literature, music, drama) and political activity (lecturing, pamphleteering, debating) were the happiest of outlets for his pent-up teeming powers. He struck London like a combination of lightning and one-man flood. His work gave him entry to the society he wanted, gave his congenital highhandedness a greater flourish, gave his garrulousness added fuel, and completed the *persona* that he wanted at that time. It also provided the inner confidence that he needed to begin work as a dramatist, for although his public confidence was not a façade, he seemed to need some certifications – justifications to himself and acceptances by others – in order to start writing plays.

The link between genius and extraordinary energy has never been more notable than in his case. In 1893 he declines a social invitation:

> "The fact is, I have to be at so many places that I never can go anywhere. Musical criticism, though it takes all my time, is quite a minor activity of mine. I have my article to write, four picture exhibitions to criticize, a political conference to attend, and a lecture to deliver before Sunday night."

In 1897 he writes to Ellen Terry:

> "... What with the preparation of the plays *[Pleasant and Unpleasant]* for publication and the ever returning Saturday windmill sail [now of drama criticism] that strikes me down before I have stumbled to my knees after the last blow, and the Fabian with its two weekly committees, and now on top of it all the Vestry with *its* two committees [he had been elected a vestryman – a borough councillor – of St. Pancras] and the Webbs's great new treatise on Democracy which I have to help in revising, I cannot even write to you. . . ."

. . . he says in a lengthy letter! The famous letter to Golding Bright, separately reprinted as *Advice to A Young Critic*, with which he enclosed a review of Bright's that he had edited in inks of two colors, ends:

> "I find you have got an atrociously long letter out of me. I have been blazing away on the platform this evening for an hour and a half [a political speech] and ought to be in bed instead of clattering at this machine."

It is perfectly patent that these remarks, and many others like them, are, first, brags, and, second, have a strong touch of compulsion, even of refuge, about them. But also – which latter-day clear-sightedness often overlooks – they are true. This man *did* all these things, and continued to live at this prodigious pace of work of all kinds for about another forty years, when he slowed down to a normal, full-time writer's life. (What is also patent – though often prejudicedly ignored – is that, along with all these labors, he was consistently generous with time and money, considerate, utterly loyal.) This early spate of work included some of the best music criticism ever written, by fairly general consent of the musical; some of the best drama criticism ever written (absolutely the best *theatrical* criticism ever written in English); *The Quintessence of Ibsenism*, a pioneer book in its field; the editing of the classic *Fabian Essays*, to which he contributed two of the eight essays; activity as one of the chief proponents and founders of the Labour Party; and the composition of his first seven plays, two of which, *You Never Can Tell* and *Candida*, will, I believe, still be revived five hundred years from now to a chorus of criticism still explaining – quite logically – why they ought to be dead.

The subject of Shaw's sex life – a matter of both interest and, especially lately, derision – is marked in this book. He himself stated that he was *virgo intacta* until he was 29; then he either

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did or did not have a large number of affairs in his thirties. He had at least some mistresses. A curiosity is that one of them, the actress, Florence Farr, played a role in *The Philanderer* that Shaw had modelled on another, Jenny Patterson. (Especially illuminating about Shaw the amorist is a letter, quoted by Laurence, from the painter Bertha Newcombe who was unrequitedly in love with Shaw in the '90's and who wrote about it in 1928.)

In this vein there is the lyric tendency of his famous correspondence with Ellen Terry whom he did not even meet until some years later:

> "... My Ellenest ... love me hard, love me soft, and deep, and sweet, and for ever and ever and ever."

There is his equally lyrical, simultaneous correspondence with his future wife:

> "I have an iron ring round my chest, which tightens and grips my heart when I remember that you are perhaps still tormented. Loosen it, oh ever dear to me, by a word to say that you slept well. ..."

And he says with a wink (to Ellen Terry) that he is adept at all this:

> "My pockets are always full of the small change of love-making; but it is magic money, not real money."

A great deal of his "love-making" was indeed play-acting; and even when it was real, he tried to convert it into pretense, into stances and attitudes that would keep the women from getting over-serious about him. (Said Bertha Newcombe: "The sight of a woman deeply in love with him annoyed him.") The woman he married – for a long and devoted marriage – insisted on prior agreement to a sexless relationship. All these facts provide a field-day for the literary psychoanalyst, particularly when one adds that Shaw was an almost too pat opposite of that shiftless drunkard his father, that he was raised a Protestant in Catholic Dublin, that he lived a bachelor with his mother until he was in his forties.

But the shortcoming of such analysis is in its implied conclusion. If only poor

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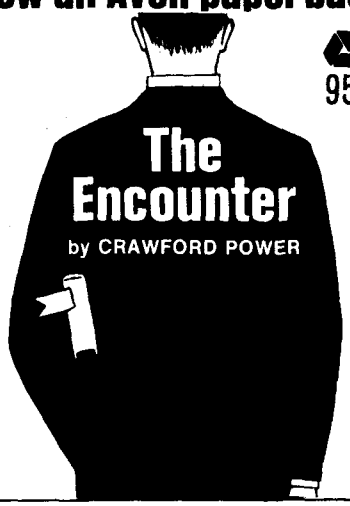

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Shaw had had a stronger and more admirable father-figure, had been raised in a happier home, had not had so many environmental and familial stimuli to puritanism. . . . But if all those undoubted benefits had been his, then what? Can we be sure that they would have made him an even better artist? As it is, he is the greatest dramatist in English since Shakespeare.

In an age when more and more is known about people and is subjected to closer and closer scrutiny, the relation between life and art is taken to be increasingly direct. But the ever intenser minings of scholarship and the ever more complex apparatus of psychology frequently lead us past initial seeming revelations back to pretty much where we were before. The connection between biography and works seems highly flawed. These letters depict fascinatingly the shape and style of the life without which Shaw's work would have been impossible, but can they do more? It is argued, for example, that Shaw, as thinker and dramatist, is less thoroughly revolutionary than Ibsen, and a case can be made for that belief. But was it Shaw's congenital instinct to tidiness that made him a Fabian instead of a philosophical anarchist? If so and if it is argued that Ibsen could never have joined any political party, let alone a gradualist one, how explain that Ibsen was a petitioner for royal favors, an accepter of royal decorations, and an infatuated ass with young girls as an old man – none of which Shaw, the party-functionary and repressed romantic, could have been? At the last, the facts of an artist's life, sexual and otherwise, are not of great explanatory "use." If we care about the man's work, then the life is interesting, particularly as encasing what Leon Edel calls "the history of an imagination"; but as direct explanation, it is strewn with snares of facile assumption and with howling incongruities as well.

The burden of the biographical process has become so great that, in this case, the facts of Shaw's life tend to make his detractors gloat, his admirers feel embarrassed. But rather than being a proof in itself, this phenomenon seems to me only to underscore another truth, simple, irrational, fundamental: finally, one's reaction to a writer depends less on demonstrable intrinsic qualities in the work and more on one's own temperament (to use an old-fashioned word). Shaw is a talkative busybody, a nagging preacher, a would-be encyclopedist; he has a faint smell of soap and water, of Jaeger woolens, of Right Living. (He was a vegetarian before 1897.) One can, if one chooses (which is the root of the matter), stop there. Others, myself included, see these facts as the mortal manifestations of a demi-urge, a titanic being so huge, so insistent, so demonic, that he frequently overrode human practices of work and dedication. The basic discomfort for us with Shaw is not the usual pathos of genius, that he was ahead of his time, but that he seems to have come from another planet: that he viewed the human race with incisive perception but a bit clinically; that, in addition and in contrast to his myriad immediate activities, he had a disquietingly long-range historical view. One can find hints already in these letters of the perhaps over-objective logic that led him to see the virtues, as well as the faults, of Franco, Mussolini, and Hitler. One can find the deliberately disturbing dogmatism that led to his untenable statements on Stalin and Soviet Communism. (Although some of his critics on this point are blessed with the best of hindsights.) What is worse for some people, both the objectivity and the pronouncements are attended by wit.

Yet Yeats' familiar description of Shaw as a smiling sewing-machine stitching steadily away is, as these letters show, not large enough to be even a half-truth. There is not, in this early volume, sufficient basis to discuss the well-known charges against Shaw of unoriginal philosophy, incomplete revolutionary theory, dated economics, and puppet drama. But what is evident in this book – and what scales down the Yeats comment – is the unleashing of a multitude of forces, the birth of a heroic figure who stitched, certainly, but who also soared and gamboled, who saw life as a totally consuming, inescapably amusing but nevertheless holy game. Even on this side of our century's cataclysms, we can feel the force of his *being;* we can feel that, if our connection with his views and art is no longer completely contiguous, yet the fact that such a man really existed is a subtle source of strength.

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Who Killed Jack Ruby?

by Murray Kempton

"Late in 1941, Jack Ruby returned to Chicago where he continued his punchboard industry through the mails. Following the December 7, 1941, attack on Pearl Harbor, he and several friends decided to design and sell plaques commemorating the Day of Infamy. However, the venture was impeded by Ruby's perfectionist approach to details of design which resulted in numerous production delays. By the time Ruby's commemorative plaque was ready for sale, the market was flooded with similar items."

– *Report of the President's Commission on the Assassination of President Kennedy.*

That seems to be the only occasion in the corporate history of Jack Ruby Enterprises – to which Messrs. Kaplan and Waltz have contributed this final melancholy chapter – where the disaster can be blamed on a manager who cared too much rather than too little about the product

The Trial of Jack Ruby
by John Kaplan and Jon R. Waltz
(Macmillan; $7.95)

Men sentenced to death by juries are ordinarily without property and among strangers and defended by a court-appointed attorney. Jack Ruby had a family limitless in patience and was industriously, if somewhat distractedly, defended by Melvin Belli, a San Francisco lawyer with a gaudy record of prior successes. The special interest in the Kaplan and Waltz study arises from the process by which Jack Ruby was reduced to the pauperdom upon which capital sentences generally depend.

This is a case great only because it is notorious. It was managed without dignity from the bench, without concentration from the defense table, without even unusual effort from the prosecution, which used its natural advantages skillfully enough but had altogether so easy a time that, we are told, Dallas District Attorney Henry Wade intended to petition the governor for a commutation of sentence because "he felt that Ruby had not received a proper defense."

In point of fact, Ruby received no defense at all; the impression is inescapable that Mr. Belli made himself the defendant almost at once, that District Attorney Wade and his assistants happily accepted him as such; and that, at the end, when the jury ordered Ruby to the block, Belli was more the object of its disfavor than his client.

Jack Ruby's disasters always were the result of his delusions about his own importance; the final one must be explained as the consequence of the actions of persons deluded that he was of no importance at all. Poor Ruby's own grandiloquence was, to be sure, the chief contributing factor to the process of his destruction. Immediately after he murdered Lee Oswald, Ruby's family retained as his counsel Tom Howard, a Dallas police court lawyer, whose reputation was celebrated only in the hearts of the petty criminals who were his clientele.

Ruby's killing of Oswald, Howard argued, was "just another nigger murder case" to be handled "among us Dallasites." There were of course certain handicaps: Ruby had "humiliated the police department," and he was the manager of a striptease parlor facing a jury of Protestant fundamentalists. Under the circumstances, there could be no hope of outright acquittal. Still, there was something to be gained by trying the victim Oswald; one or two *local* psychiatrists would be useful in testifying that Ruby, if not legally insane, was clearly unstable; and Howard thought that after both sides had presented their character witnesses the jury would have the picture of "an excitable, impulsive, even violent show-off who was nonetheless generous, decent and honest." Then he would present Jack Ruby himself and trust his suggestibility to reduce him to tears of repentance.

That was an eminently practical program; and it is a pity that the Ruby family did not accept it. Instead they went looking for counsel worthy of a great state case. And thereafter, everyone involved with Jack Ruby except for the prosecution, seems to have been thinking of something else:

(1) The Rubys sold Jack's autobiography for $25,000 and the advertising man who had found them the ghost writer also told them about Melvin Belli, California's most famous personal injury lawyer.

(2) Belli had already said, "I want the case so badly I can taste it." Initially, he suggested a $50,000 fee. Earl Ruby pointed out that the family had only $25,000. "Okay," Belli replied, "don't worry about the rest. *I'll probably make it by writing a book.*"

(3) Belli instantly decided that an acquittal for insanity was highly possible. The case, he said, "offered a perfect opportunity to bring the law of insanity up to date while helping Jack Ruby." He was reminded of "the problem of the individual who killed during a period of blackout – and cited many of his previous cases which, he said, had 'wedded more securely modern science to modern law'."

(4) Belli very early, apparently, fixed on that notion that Jack Ruby murdered Lee Oswald while in a blackout or what

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he would later call "the fugue state." In December, he retained Dr. Manfred Guttmacher and Dr. Walter Bromberg as defense psychiatrists; after their first visit to Ruby in prison, they reported to Belli "during a party he staged at a French restaurant in a Dallas suburb. The gathering had been so gay that neither Guttmacher nor Bromberg were able to convey much detailed information to their host."

(5) Belli began his confrontation with Dallas by demanding that Ruby's trial be moved to another county. He had already told a press conference in New York that, "The people of Dallas, perhaps unconsciously, have to have a sacrifice in order to cleanse themselves. They feel that the best way to prove that it is a law-abiding community would be to give him a fair trial and then hang him."

Now, the case for a change of venue in the Ruby trial had considerable weight, although Belli's sense of his client as his main responsibility could well have induced him to press it with the utmost diplomacy. Howard had already noticed that Ruby's most serious danger in a trial in Dallas was the humiliation his crime had visited upon the city's already deplorable reputation for peace and order. But Belli made the fight with such dash and defiance that, at one point in the venue hearing, he was able to cite as "prejudicial publicity" the newspaper accounts of his statements the day before.

At the end of this skirmish, Kaplan and Waltz decided, "probably the most powerful reason for prejudice against Ruby, on the issues that really counted, was the behavior of his counsel and the statements attacking Dallas which Melvin Belli made in and out of court."

Belli brought to the defense of Jack Ruby a special talent for making certain the fulfillment of his own prophecies. In justice to him, however, he had been marvelously successful in other matters, although a record of having won damage verdicts in excess of $100,000 for each of a total of more than a hundred clients ought to have impressed the Ruby family less than the fact that Tom Howard, Belli's predecessor as chief of defense counsel, had tried 25 capital cases and never lost a client, and that prosecutor Wade had tried 25 capital cases and failed to get the death penalty in only one.

There remains the mystery, for all Belli's mistakes in this matter, of why a lawyer who had brilliantly exploited so many other courts failed so dismally in this case. The answer may be that murder is a particularly local crime, that the defendant's chance, as Tom Howard took for granted, depends on the appeal to intimacy and is lessened whenever the defense brings a stranger – let alone a defiant and contumacious one – into the courtroom.

(6) Belli's first act on taking the case was to contract with Alvin Moscow to write (with him) the definitive book on the Ruby defense. Moscow's memory of the experience is an instructive insight into the atmosphere of peace and concentration in which the tactics of the struggle to save Jack Ruby's neck were devised:

"Moscow protested that he"– who had expected to be Belli's sole confidant on the planning of the trial – "was not getting much more information than the working press in general. Belli constantly held press conferences at which he informed members of the press generally how his case was proceeding and was almost always available for interviews in which he discussed details of his strategy. For Moscow, the last straw was Belli's agreement with an independent film producer, Sam Gallu, of Hollywood, to film a documentary on the defense of Ruby . . . [Moscow's] exclusive access to the defense preparations would be shared by a television crew."

(7) Ruby was to suffer incalculably from another key figure similarly distracted by the profit and glory to be expected for a man attached to history. Joe Brantley Brown, the presiding judge, had hoped at the outset that the case could be conducted on television. He was denied this desire by Sam Bloom, the press agent lent him by that object of Belli's contumely, the Dallas Oligarchy. "But, Sam," Judge Brown said then, "couldn't you give me just one camera?"

Kaplan and Waltz, who think that Belli's request to move the trial from Dallas, while theatrically excessive, had a sound foundation, seem to feel that Judge Brown would have agreed to a scene shift if he could have gone along as an actor: "He had made telephone calls to the presiding judges of several other districts, each of whom controlled the assignment of trial judges in his district, and while he had not formally requested permission to accompany the Ruby trial should he transfer it, his tentative feelers had met with little encouragement."

Judge Brown was also writing a book.

(8) While the jury was being picked, Belli made public tests which suggested that Ruby might be suffering from that psychomotor variation of epilepsy which thereafter became the *idée fixe* of the defense. Almost at once there descended upon him Maurice A. Melford, director of the National Epileptics League, likewise distracted by the image problem. Melford flew to Dallas and distributed to newsmen attending the trial a "Fact Sheet on Epilepsy" saying that it was "nonsense" to suggest that the victim of a psychomotor seizure could commit murder. "In short," Kaplan and Waltz coldly notice, "the Epilepsy League was preparing to inform the public about the validity of the defense to a murder charge."

(9) Belli, in the fit that possesses any lawyer who has taken on the case of society rather than of his client, carried his trip across "the frontiers of

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legal-medical knowledge" considerably farther than psychiatrists Guttmacher and Bromberg wanted to go. Dr. Guttmacher, whose court experience is as deep as that of any psychiatrist in practice, wrote Belli that it seemed to him "scientifically unsound and legally imprudent to assert with absolute assurance" that Ruby shot Oswald during an epileptic attack. Belli's comment on this strong warning was that "Dr. Guttmacher's estimate was not precisely what I would have wished for." Thereafter, Dr. Guttmacher was of little use. His examination by Belli at the trial was "almost cursory." And "prior to taking the stand, Dr. Guttmacher had no really satisfactory private talk with the defendant's chief counsel. They had, the doctor complained, constantly been surrounded by Belli's retinue – 'including, you won't believe it,' he had said, 'a camera crew'."

(10) At the end, Judge Brown insisted that the closing arguments be commenced at one in the morning. At the end of two hours, "one of the women jurors was asleep."

When Belli came to the jury rail for his final appeal, "a juror yawned and lit a cigarette." By then Belli said "everything seemed unreal." Both he and his auditors had been reduced to the fugue state.

The oddest thing of all to Kaplan and Waltz is that nowhere in his closing argument did Belli "even try to talk the jury out of imposing the death penalty on his client."

Belli's answer is: "Would it have been moral to take this sick man, this mental cripple and have him grovel, 'I'm just a Jew boy and I'm sorry. Please forgive me.' I can't agree that demeaning Ruby in that way would have been right tactically any more than morally."

Tom Howard, of course, *would* have offered Jack Ruby to the jury saying "I'm just a Jew boy, forgive me." If the best of lawyers forgets a client, he is in danger of forgetting what the client might think demeaning to him. Kaplan and Waltz are always admirable, but nowhere more than in their epilogue when they suddenly remember Jack Ruby, whom the other actors quite soon and decisively forced off his own stage:

"Although Oswald may have died, undisturbed, with whatever illusions led him to his deed, Jack Ruby, be-

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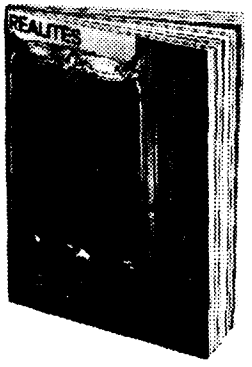

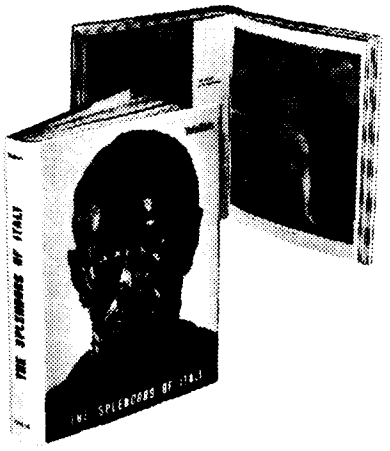

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fore a crowded courtroom and the press of the world, was stripped of both his self-respect and his illusions. He heard himself analyzed by his psychiatrists as a latent homosexual with a compulsive desire to be liked and respected, described by his own lawyer as the village clown, damningly quoted by members of the police department in whose reflected prestige he had been happy to bask, and forced to sit, as a passive witness, while the attorneys, the judge and the jury fought over and decided his fate."

A policeman said that, just after Jack Ruby's arrest, he consented to answer all questions "if we wouldn't make a fool of him." When the FBI agent arrived to question him an hour later, Jack Ruby's first reaction was to ask what newspaper his visitor came from. He had then a proper sense of his own dignity and a wild illusion of his own importance – the first of which was destroyed and the second of which was shunted aside by men with better-certified licenses to feel important. Repenting on the witness stand, he would not have demeaned himself but reasserted himself, because he would have been visible. We owed this unfortunate man his public degradation; the alternative was for him to have no presence at all but to serve merely as the occasion for other men to think about themselves. In the end, twelve of his brothers, would throw him away like a used toilet tissue.

Willa Cather: Her Masquerade

by Quentin Anderson

Even those who felt, forty years ago, that America had gone wrong, had been seized by corporations, and jacketed its energies in the genteel tradition, also felt that there was psychic elbowroom left in which to assert the claims of art and intellect. In those days one travelled from Kansas to Chicago, from Plainfield to Greenwich Village, and the space you traversed was real space; you put things behind you, and came on wonders, just as Willa Cather had long before, when she travelled the comparatively small distance from Red Cloud to Lincoln, Nebraska, and visited the extraordinarily cultivated household of Westermann, the historian. If, for most of these aspiring youngsters, God was dead, he had nonetheless left behind him his big echoing house, his many mansions, of which this enormous continent was one, and which they felt obliged to chart. Willa Cather's early Nebraska novels, *O Pioneers!* and *My Antonia* were read as reports from afar, reports from a citizen about the recent past of the big, erring country: the final pioneer experience, and the bitter recoil from its failure to transfigure the meanness of such towns as Red Cloud. These books were further attested as assertions of the claims of a wider life than that led by Mencken's booboisie: they were enlivened by the energy and grace of Swedish and Bohemian manners and attitudes miraculously rooted – better rooted than those of the Anglo-Saxons – on the Nebraska prairies. One can catch echoes of the fullness of this faith in the big country, and the effort to capture it for art, as late as Alfred Kazin's treatment of Willa Cather in *On Native Grounds*, published in 1942.

The country has shrunk, and our sense of the weight and relevance of Willa Cather's observation of Nebraska has shrunk with it. Nebraska is no doubt still there, but as a distinct imaginative possibility it has for the moment simply disappeared. As in so many other cases we are left confronting the artist who has been abandoned by his ostensible subject. The artist we now see is one whose energies are largely lavished on defensive maneuver, on masquerade. The power she now exercises is a measure of the degree to which the masquerade is itself something American. It is a small power when compared with Whitman's, but it is, despite the shellwork of fictional convention, a power of the same kind which engages us in "Song of Myself": a delighted absorption in the capacity of the self to embrace the world. In Whitman this play is overt; in Willa Cather it is masked.

The documentary importance of this book of stories is its demonstration of the impulse (shared by the youthful Whitman) to undertake impersonations in many modes, in those of Conrad, Henry James, Frank Norris, O. Henry, Sarah Orne Jewett, and such submerged figures as David Graham Phillips and Alfred Henry Lewis. The talent for stylistic masquerade is rather striking in the case of "Eleanor's House," in which Henry James is copied as to cadences, creation of a claustral fictional world, and characteristic fable, but in which the informing passion doesn't appear – it is a bleached Henry James story. One of these stories ("Flavia and Her Artists") has a jolly hardnosed detachment – a hint of Ring Lardner – which is almost without parallel in Miss Cather. This may be because she has put herself in – as Miss Broadwood, an actress, who is reminiscent of the burly, wholesome games mistress of English fiction. Miss Cather reprinted the best of her early work in *The Troll Garden* and had the good sense not to reprint the rest. Now that this group of stories has been republished (a good many for the second time, since the same editor issued *Early Stories* in 1957), it appears as evidence of the early talent for impersonation and little more. Willa Cather's breakthrough to a masquerading mode informed by her personal passion came, like Whitman's, rather late, with the publication of *O Pioneers!*, her second novel, in 1913. This body of early stories, taken together with Miss Cather's extraordinary success as managing editor of *McClure's* (1906-1912) is, however, of great biographical

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significance; it bears out the strength of that impulse to conquer which Leon Edel finds reflected in the work of Willa Cather, in her choice of title for her first novel, *Alexander's Bridge* (1912), and the name Alexandra Bergson in *O Pioneers!*

The critics of the shrunken country spend more time discussing Willa Cather's characteristic emotional gestures, than in trying to recall Nebraska. Leon Edel has assembled a mosaic of bits of psychological evidence which he juxtaposes with *The Professor's House* in his *Literary Biography;* Dorothy Van Ghent's generally satisfying Minnesota pamphlet (1964) seems to me to attribute to Willa Cather a power she doesn't have, the power to break through the walls of selfhood into a region of primal wonder of the sort Eliade describes, or perhaps to look out, out beyond humanity like the animals in Rilke's elegy. At any rate, I find a more useful starting-point in the essay Lionel Trilling published in Malcolm Cowley's *After the Genteel Tradition* (1937). After praising *A Lost Lady* above the other novels he goes on to say that *The Professor's House,* "lame as it is," focuses an American disgust with life which makes many Americans "dream of their preadolescent integration." The essay was written for a larger country in which Willa Cather was a present figure. Now that she has lost her cultural office, her relation to an older strain in American writing has become apparent: we may now see that she has all along a cultural office of a different kind. To discuss (I take the chief example) Whitman's America is to discuss him, and the play of all the selves he projected: the two are coterminous. Is there not, in Willa Cather and most of the writers who have tried to put us in imaginative possession of the continent, a child at play with his great mother? Taking possession of the continent is a function we have largely left to those who have themselves preserved a strong sense of their "preadolescent integration."

O Pioneers! (1913), *The Song of the Lark* (1915), and *My Antonia* (1918) are novels which turn on the moment of consciousness in which the child – often the child at the instant of waking – seizes on his world entire, undivided by sex, by possessions, by caste. The

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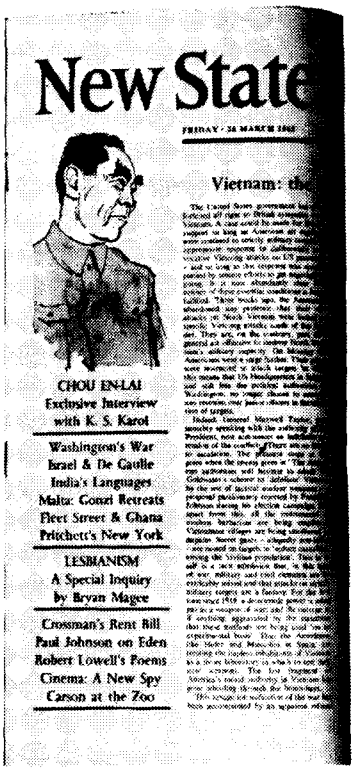

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world is a fostering scene which sanctions his impulse to conquer, to be a large somebody. The overall effect is not nostalgic; it is the consequence of judging all the phases of human life from the standpoint of a state in which the world seems wholly vulnerable to the powers of the self. Yet, when dressing for school, the commanding self must acknowledge the family, adult expectations, the narrow village view. These constraints become the business of the shrewdly managing public self, which like Huck Finn, caters to adult desire. Within, the "second self" plots its freedom, which is found in the primal activities of growing and preparing food, of raising children, or in the work of the artist who momentarily unites the hidden selves of his public. "What if one's second self could somehow speak to all these second selves?" is the question asked by the aspiring opera singer, Thea Kronberg, of *The Song of the Lark*. As Willa Cather admitted, it was hard to make the artist's success as exciting as was the initial struggle. The successful Thea longs to repossess that union of self and cosmos which she figures as the "sound in the shell" she had loved as a child. Her friend, Dr. Archie, has a similar sense of the meaning of his successes: "They may excite or divert us for a time, but when we look back the only things we cherish are those which in some way met our original want; the desire which formed in us in early youth, undirected, and of its own accord." Dorothy Van Ghent quotes a similar passage from *Alexander's Bridge*.

My Antonia deserves much of the affection with which we remember it; it opens magnificently and proceeds to lay out its big, bare landscape with a touch so firm and so clear that the human figures seem to have a wholly natural pathos; they are little fires of desire soon snuffed out in the beautiful but inexorable landscape. But the story lets us down; we awake with an unpleasant jolt to the consciousness that we are on somebody else's emotional holiday. I quote a passage toward the end, in which Jim Burden, the narrator, is visiting a fulfilled Antonia, and is being shown the "fruit cave" in the hillside.

> "We turned to leave the cave; Antonia and I went up the stairs, and the children waited. We were standing outside talking, when they all came running up the stairs together, big and little, towheads and gold heads and brown, and flashing little naked legs; a veritable explosion of life out of the dark cave into the sunlight. It made me dizzy for a moment."

I remember being very fond of the stripped diction and evocative pacing of this passage. But who is made dizzy? Who, for that matter, has fathered these children? The men are mere fictional props – and children aren't born of the earth. The self-limiting character of the fables about artists and earth mothers is obvious. But this is only the first phase of Willa Cather's work; act one of her masquerade.

The second is comprised of *A Lost Lady* and *The Professor's House*, in which the two selves are actually seen to be at war in the central figure. In the first book the struggle is masked by framing it in another consciousness; it is seen as a spectacle by young Niel, and the result is an almost unqualified success. Niel's response to the action does not distort the writer's own, is her own, in fact. Marian Forrester, safely enclosed by the empire-builder's strength, and the courtly solicitude of her husband, enjoys the emotional equivalent of the fostering family scene. She is the queenly child regnant. When Niel discovers that she has sullied herself by sleeping with Ellinger, he asks: "What did she do with all her exquisiteness when she was with a man like Ellinger? And having put it away, how could she recover herself, and give one – give even him – the sense of tempered steel, a blade that could fence with anyone and never break?" Here the fancied potency lies in inviolability and power, power over the mining magnates, ranchers and railroad men whose shining special cars stopped at Moonstone so that these great ones could admire Mrs. Forrester's flickering, silvery grace. The Professor of the second book is observed from within, but his discovery of a complete breach between his two selves is made vicariously through the reading of Tom Outland's diary. The Professor's recognition scene comes second hand, and this fractures the book. But its explicitness about the two selves is definitive: "The Professor knew of course, that adolescence grafted a new creature into the original one, and that the complexion of a man's life was largely determined by how well or ill his original self and his nature as modified by sex rubbed on together." In these two novels the cost of the assumption of specific sexual roles is the subject.

The third phase resumes the first with an enormous simplification: since the leading characters are Catholics their subordination to a great mother is externally justified. The Virgin succeeds Antonia and Alexandra. The churchmen of *Death Comes for the Archbishop* have put off their male roles, and together with the little girl of *Shadows on the Rock*, may take possession of the world in Mary's name. The great charm of *Death Comes for the Archbishop* is its exquisitely sustained resolution of the contradiction between its stony, wide-stretching, violently colored scene and an Auvergnat domesticity. Father Vaillant and Bishop Latour happily devote their public selves to the Virgin's secret ends; they are her housekeepers.

It would be foolish to scold the elegist of the undivided self for her failure to represent transitive human roles, dramatic encounters, the felt passage of time, and its changes of perspective, or the meaning of death for grown-ups. Nobody can die out of more lives than he has had, and Miss Cather's confusion of death with merging is, like Whitman's, wholly consistent with her way of seeing things. The emotional makeup which made Whitman our national poet is founded on a similarly infantile choice of object, his love of his own body, and the whole cast of selves that lived in it, and of the world as ex-

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tension of himself, the world which fostered him and which he joyfully fostered in return. This was the emotional territory his genius occupied, the territory we reenter when we read him, remembering our own cosmic pasts, and reminded of a long succession of American world-engrossers from Deerslayer on down.

Whitman's acceptance of his role was not open to a woman; instead Willa Cather carried on a masquerade which made it appear that she was accepting the conditions of adulthood while actually rejecting them. It was a shrewd woman of 40 who published *O Pioneers!*, and discovered the terms of her disguise. Her literary career is a kind of inversion of Melville's story of the confidence man. He is making a bitter assault on the very thing Willa Cather cherished, the notion of a people who in their virgin wholeness might be conceived of as she conceived of the inhabitants of Mesa Verde – as worthy children of the continental mother. Melville's fable announces that no such wholeness is possible; the mingling of fraud and innocence is literally inextricable. But Willa Cather's basic antithesis is one that lies within the emotional territory she herself occupies: it is between wholeness and greed. Her last novel of any consequence, *Shadows on the Rock*, brings its characters into the beautifully ordered Auclair kitchen to be judged. In that kitchen a little girl prepares and serves food with ritual care, taking the place of the worshipped mother, her own, the Virgin, the great continent itself. In her last phase Willa Cather's America is a ravished kitchen, a primal order despoiled by greed.

The imaginative act of appropriating a continent properly belongs to that stage in human consciousness in which the envisioned order is cosmic. Lawrence's attempt to get our white spirits into a dialectic relation with the Indians, and his scolding at Whitman for not recognizing the profoundly unassimilated character of the Eskimo, was misapplied, was a European notion; there is only one prototype for the appropriation of a whole world, and it is not dramatic, involves no pantheon or company of heroes: its prototype is Wordsworth's babe leaping up on his mother's arm and seizing the flower she offers with love.

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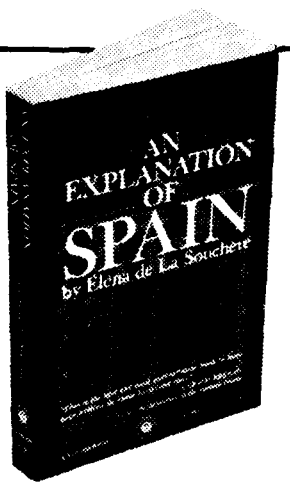

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Portrait of a Secular Moralist

by Thomas S. Szasz

In May, 1935, when he was 22, Albert Camus began what was to become his literary diary. The entries were made in ordinary school exercise books and consisted mainly of focal ideas which were worked out more fully in later works; they were not intended for independent publication. In 1954, however, Camus had a typewritten copy made of the first seven notebooks, and

Notebooks, 1942-1951
by Albert Camus
translated from the French
and annotated by Justin O'Brien
(Knopf; $5)

corrected it with the presumed intention of eventual publications. Extracts from the first notebooks were originally published in 1958.

Following Camus's death in 1960, his literary executors prepared all of the notebooks for publication. The first series, covering the years 1935-1942, appeared in an English translation in 1963. The second series, covering the years 1942-1951, has now been made available in a translation by Mr. Justin O'Brien.

The second volume of *Notebooks*, like the first, consists of a series of jottings, many of them quotations from authors Camus had been reading; hence, it does not lend itself to the sort of review appropriate for a novel or a work of nonfiction. The unifying theme is Camus's commitment to his work. The book is thus autobiographical and yet impersonal; it displays the writer's spirit, but not his flesh. It is richly epigrammatic, elegant and graceful in style and translated by Mr. O'Brien with the consummate skill of his earlier translations of Camus. The connoisseur of Camus will here find support for his most positive prejudices.

Camus seeks what men of intelligence and sensitivity have sought for the past three hundred years: salvation for secular man. For what has been called the "death of God" is a misnomer. It is man, not God, who died, some three centuries ago, when the flame of Christianity began to flicker and that of science began to burn instead. It is man, therefore, not God, who must be resurrected. But what kind of man? The Christian saints, through their example, gave one answer; Camus, through his own, gave another. He is the saint of the secular ethic – of the ethic of individualism and responsibility in a world of growing collectivism and absurdity. "For a thought to change the world it must first change the life of the man who carries it. It must become an example." Camus *meant* it.

Here are other examples of Camus's jottings, during approximately the first half of the period covered by this series.

Man in society: "In ancient drama, the one who pays is always the one who is right . . . Oedipus, Orestes, etc."

Sex and women: "Sex leads to nothing. It is not immoral but it is unproductive. One can indulge in it so long as one does not want to produce. But only chastity is linked to a personal progress." – "Outside of love, woman is boring. She doesn't know. You must live with one and keep silent. Or else sleep with all and make love. What matters is something else."

Himself: "Solitude makes me happy. . . . As writers we are guilty of treason in the eyes of history if we do not denounce what deserves to be denounced. The conspiracy of silence is our condemnation in the eyes of those who come after us."

The second half of the notebooks records some of Camus's thoughts in the years just preceding publication of what is perhaps his most important work, *The Rebel* (1951). (The English title loses some of the meanings suggested by the French *L'Homme Révolté*.) I believe that part of Camus's greatness lies in his having recaptured, broadened and modernized (though I do not think he has deepened), the revolutionary wisdom of the American Founding Fathers. When Camus speaks of "man in revolt," we ought to think of Jefferson and Madison, not of Robespierre and Saint-Just; to Camus "revolt" really means self-control, not the coercion of others.

Again and again Camus returns to a theme that was so crucial to the Ameri-

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can Revolution and which distinguished it from the French. Hannah Arendt analyzed it masterfully: liberation from oppression is only the first phase of revolution, and is of no value unless it is followed by the second phase, the establishment of a foundation of freedom through constitutional guarantees. Camus succeeds in condensing the essence of this idea into eight words: "There is no justice; there are only limits." Compare this with John Adams: "Neither morals, nor riches, nor disciplines of armies, nor all these together will do without a constitution." Such restraints on power are typically lacking in modern revolutions, whether of the left or right. Nor are such restraints keeping pace, in the mass-democracies of the "free" West, with the proliferating prerogatives of scientific-technical élites and governmental bureaucracies.

Good causes have been the traditional political excuses for doing violence to others. The Bourbons had to be murdered for *égalité et fraternité*, the Czar and his family for the welfare of the proletariat, and the Jews for the safety of the Third Reich. Camus's position: "The limit of rebellious reasoning: to accept killing oneself in order to reject complicity with murder in general."

It would be a mistake, however, to discuss Camus as if he were mainly a political thinker. He was that, but he was also an artist: "One can love in chains, through stone walls several yards thick. . . . But let a tiny part of the heart be subject to duty, and true love is impossible." And, referring (probably) to Jean Grenier, his beloved teacher of philosophy, he remarked: "Meeting that man has brought great happiness. Following him would have been bad; never forsaking him will be good." Here the resemblance between Camus and the Transcendentalists of New England, especially Emerson and Thoreau, is striking indeed.

In short, Camus is a secular moralist: the *summum bonum*, for him, is neither love of God nor obedience, but love of truth and choice. In a sketch for a novel, he pictures a man condemned to death. "But the cyanide is got through to him. And there, in the solitude of his cell, he began to laugh. A vast feeling of well-being filled him. He was no longer walking into a well. He had a whole night ahead of him. He was going to *be able to choose*. . . ."

Camus knew only too well that such humanization of ethics carries with it the danger of the divinization of man. But he refused to turn back to God. The solution for an ethic that is at once humanistic and humble, he maintained, must be sought in a sense of limits, in *mesure* (moderation). It is clear who must set the limits for man: himself, and if not he, the State. But who must set the limits for the State? It is in struggling with this question that Camus both fails and succeeds. As a political thinker, he fails to go beyond the wisdom of the founders of our Republic: "All the power of knowledge today aims at strengthening the State. Not a single scholar has thought of applying his research to the defense of the individual." (Has Karl Popper, to name only one, written in vain?)

However, as a solitary human being in mid-20th Century Europe, he succeeds in delineating the outlines of an ethic of personal autonomy: "Can man alone create his own values? That is the whole problem. . . . [Man] is but an infinite chance. But he is infinitely responsible for that chance. . . . Each of us has the responsibility of exploiting in himself man's greatest chance, his definitive virtue."

Albert Camus is not the first, nor the only, person who rose to great fame from poor surroundings. But he is one of the few who did not overcome poverty by accumulating riches, nor social helplessness by accumulating power. He made a monument, not out of other people's labor, nor out of their lives, but out of himself. *Voilà l'homme!*

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Blues for Mister Baldwin

by Joseph Featherstone

The blues are an attempt to retain the memory of pain, to transcend catastrophe, not by taking thought – for that often only adds to the pain – but by an attitude, a nearly comic, nearly tragic lyricism. The best stories in James Baldwin's new collection are blues, fragments of his vast and cureless sorrow. One, "The Outing," is a beautifully disciplined piece of writing. It is hard

Going to Meet the Man
by James Baldwin
(Dial; $4.95)

to know which to admire more, the ironic precision of the characters or the despairing eloquence with which Baldwin spells out a vision of their fate. In subject and time, "The Outing" is an early effort. The Hudson River excursion of a Harlem church evokes the world of Baldwin's first and best novel, *Go Tell It On The Mountain* (1952). Here again he describes the tension in the Negro community between the saved and the wavering young, whose burning time is upon them. The hearts of the saints are easy; they know, in their cosmic smugness, the peace that passes understanding. But for the unsaved, growing into consciousness of evil on the Harlem streets and within themselves, there is no peace. The prose is bleak; there is an ugly spareness to the church life. There is none of the rhetorical grandeur that lifted up the experience of the store front churches in *Go Tell It On the Mountain*, none of the Pentecostal ecstasies of God's hand striking the redeemed down onto the dust of the floor, the world rocking on its foundations. Here the lives of the saints are empty too, and the poetry is mostly pathos: the iron of the trap, the defenselessness of the young flesh caught in it.

"Come Out the Wilderness" and "Sonny's Blues" were both written in the late fifties. The first again renders Baldwin's ghastly vision of the moral chaos of New York, this time through the eyes of a Negro girl who has escaped North into the dreary landscape of fulfillment. She is sharply seen, a study in pity and rage. She loves a white artist who is sure to leave her; and in one scene, where she lunches with a young Negro executive, Baldwin marvelously creates her scorn and self-hatred, her brave, hopeless love for the white artist, her panic as she realizes the unlikelihood of love flowering in this wilderness. "Sonny's Blues" is poised on the edge of certain of the unsolved problems of Baldwin's grand failure, *Another Country* (1962). In its own right, though, "Sonny's Blues" is close to a success, the most completely imagined story of the collection, next to "The Outing." It is written with detachment; sweet objectivity rare for Baldwin who in much of his recent writing has been unable to distinguish between himself and his characters. The story relates the attempt of a Negro schoolteacher, very square, to understand his brother Sonny, a jazz musician and on-and-off dope addict. Variations on its theme have filled all of Baldwin's works: it concerns what Robert Bone has described as the priestly function of the sufferer in Baldwin's fiction. He who manages to endure suffering is set free; more important, he can set others free through his sacramental ministrations. Sonny's jazz solo flows from his cracked heart and his sickness. As he plays, the broken pieces of his life fuse for once into a whole which his brother hears and comprehends. It is an extraordinary story, but its testimony is not, in the end, altogether persuasive. There is, first of all, the problem of language, which constantly dogs Baldwin: for all his eloquence, he has a hard time sticking to any one tone. Here the brother's sober, square speech is set against Sonny's hip idioms, which in their inarticulate way are meant to point to deeper levels of experience. Yet at the final, the deepest level of experience, the transforming power of the jazz solo is described in unexpectedly religious terms: "And he was giving it back, as everything must be given back, so that, passing through death, it can live forever." The terms seem wrong; clearly this is not the voice of Sonny or his brother, it is the intrusive voice of Baldwin the boy preacher who has turned his back on the store front tabernacles but cannot forget the sound of angel's wings beating around his head.

Despite Baldwin's scornful rejection of the "God-shops," life is constantly weighed in the balance against an unearthly time when he rode the whirlwind of absolute love. The lives of the characters in these stories seem to possess an extra dimension of emptiness, because he sees them against the possibility of a very different kind of life: a life of ceremonies and mysteries touching the absolute. He is searching for another city and another country. Like the great moralizing novelists, he is a preacher; he writes to bear witness. It would be ridiculous, as well as rude, to tell him he should take another tack.

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My complaint is simply that the total hunger aching inside him has driven him on to invest certain aspects of secular life – notably sex – with a blasphemous grace, and, alas, the grace is artistically unconvincing. The beauty of the language in *Go Tell It On the Mountain* brought the hero's experience of salvation to life; and, faithful to the spirit of the blues, Baldwin left much of the book's anguish unresolved. But in recent works he has made larger and larger claims for his various instruments of salvation, while the instruments themselves have become less and less convincing. When, in *Another Country*, Baldwin gives us the word about the redeeming majesty of the orgasm – multiracial, heterosexual, or homosexual – you sense a lack of artistic control, to say nothing of a loss of common sense.

The stories in this collection thus leave us with the problematic Baldwin of *Another Country*, with his rich promise, his prophet's ambition, his magnificent sense of urban desolation, his lapses of tone, and the spurious religiosity of his sex. There are no resolutions here, no new departures. The four first-rate stories – "The Outing," "Sonny's Blues," "Come Out the Wilderness," and "Previous Condition," – were all written before 1958. The title story seems to be a recent effort; it is reminiscent of, though not quite as terrible as, Baldwin's misguided play, *Blues for Mister Charlie* (1964). Here again, he attempts the compassionate feat of entering into the mind of a Southern racist, in this case a deputy sheriff dealing with civil rights demonstrations. Despite its gruesome stylized lynching scene, "Going to Meet the Man" has the same trivial effect as *Blues for Mister Charlie:* it appears that what all this racial fuss stems from is the white man's inability to get it up. After so much suffering and anguish, so many thousands gone, the indictment of the South that emerges is that it's square.

In *Notes of a Native Son* (1955) and *Nobody Knows My Name* (1961) Baldwin argued that part of the race problem was white America's refusal to confront reality, especially the reality of pain, tragedy, violence, sex, and death. This inability to understand forbidden impulses and secret terrors made it hard for the American to know himself; and from a crazy structure of in-

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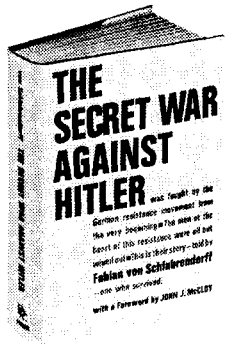

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hibitions and lies followed the fantasies and projections which were the white picture of the Negro. It was a complex and profound argument, full of anger and understanding. Reading "Going to Meet the Man," you dimly recognize the outlines of the argument, reduced to inanely simple terms. It is almost like reading the Book of Job in the form of a comic.

James Baldwin is at his best as himself. His finest work is self-revelatory: the fictional selves who walk the troubled regions of his mind, or the dramatic self created in essays like *The Fire Next Time* (1963). This is a source of both weakness and strength. The weakness centers around his difficulty seeing his characters plainly through the distorted lenses of his self-pity and self-love. The strength lies in his ability to endow his experience, his feelings, with universal significance. This one figure, surrounded by darkness, is lit with a light of unbelievable intensity. Thus when Baldwin speaks of beauty, a particular undertone of yearning reminds you of the ugly child who put pennies over his eyes to make them go back. Nor are his encounters with the Negro churches or the Black Muslims simply reported; they are aspects of his lost self, the child who wondered in Harlem whose little boy he was. And the race troubles of America are the intersection of James Baldwin and history. Look what you have done to me, says the prophet whose country has endangered his salvation; look at my wounds. What is heard is something more, and something less, than the voice of the Negro. It is the voice of James Baldwin, crying to you from his private wilderness.

Worlds of Desolation

by Victor Lange

It would not be difficult to argue that the most revealing forms of modern art, from electronic music to pop painting, from the new French novel to some of the Italian and French cinema, shun the wide horizon of symbolic universals and deal instead with the particularities of our society, of the special – and perhaps remediable – conditions of our present social organization. Contemporary art, this is to say, is "allegorical" in the sense that it assumes that if we can agree on the evidence of certain basic and paralyzing shocks and horrors in our life, and a clearly envisaged set of modest but firmly held convictions, we may feel persuaded to do something about it. Not the nature of evil but the evidences of injustice here and now are what we would be worried about; not the character of freedom in the abstract, but the degradation, the abuse and the dehumanization of the individual that our present social order has brought about require the artist's attention and definition.

Absent Without Leave
by Heinrich Böll
translated by Leila Vennewitz
(McGraw-Hill; $3.95)

Reflections such as these should provide the useful premise for a consideration of the achievement of Heinrich Böll, who is today in Germany one of the most widely read novelists, and, paradoxically, one of the most uncompromising critics of the moral and intellectual assumptions on which the prosperous German postwar life has been built. The central topic of his work, elaborated and reiterated in a large body of fiction, is the disparity between the glossy and efficacious façade of success, and a shocking indifference either to the moral consequences of the memories of war and inhumanity, or to the compulsions of faith that have been reduced to the widely professed clichés of institutionalized religion. Böll is a deeply engaged but troubled Catholic whose belief, like that of Graham Greene or Mauriac, is sustained by the very evidence of absurdity in the world we have made. Not unlike the meaningless routine of war which his earlier novel, *Adam, Where Art Thou?* (1951) represented, the anonymous and obtuse forms of German middle-class life since the war seem to him a terrifying mixture of efficiency, sentimentality and cruelty. In what is perhaps his best-known novel, *Billiards at Half-Past*

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Nine (1959), he describes a world of physical, moral and emotional desolation that is precariously held together by the lonely and impotent memories and the public façades of a thoroughly disjointed society.

Böll is remarkably popular among older German readers: his fiction combines a sharply localized, vivid sort of reporting with that mixture of involvement and spectatorial reserve with which the experiences of the past twenty-five years are viewed by many Germans who have remained emotionally entangled in their aftermath. He is himself – now at 48 – not quite one of the "younger" Germans, who view the Nazi decade with far less immediate concern than their elders, and who are anxious to judge the present from a detached, cosmopolitan point of view. To these more independent younger readers Böll has sometimes seemed provincial in attitude and old-fashioned in his technique; they have not, of course, been indifferent to the integrity and seriousness of Böll's moral position, but they have been troubled by his reluctance – or perhaps his inability – to bring the radical resources of modern fiction to bear upon intellectual and emotional issues that cannot be fully explored in the conventional designs of his novels.

Böll's characters are the spokesmen of a self that is committed to a firmly held point of view and that has in his last two or three novels become increasingly caustic and exasperated. The central figure of *The Clown* (1963), for instance, is a performer face to face with his own failure, a defeated and bitter man who pours forth his scorn for the hypocrisy and moral agility of the German middle class with desperate and unmitigated contempt. The book is not wholly satisfactory but typical of Böll's recent manner; it is a tense series of dramatic reflections on a hollow society that has never quite lived down the perversions of the war.

Absent Without Leave and *Enter and Exit*, the two novellas that are now published in, alas, a clumsy and embarrassingly unidiomatic English translation, are once again characteristic variations on Böll's central theme of isolation and moral indifference. The first relates the experiences of a student – half Jewish, half Christian – in the Nazi labor service and later the German army: his detachment (in order "to make a man of him") to latrine duty, his marriage to the sister of a fellow soldier, his arrest for going AWOL, and the return to his unit. He scarcely sees his wife again, she is killed in an air attack. All of this is twenty-seven years later recalled by the disillusioned survivor of the war, a man still, so to speak, absent without leave, the bitter citizen of a prosperous Germany, whose "aim in life has been to become unfit for duty."

These deliberately sparse and banal events are little more than convenient occasions for Böll's attempt at illuminating the interplay of past and present; confused days are remembered by a narrator who is radical in his cynicism, intensely in doubt as to the intellectual perspectives of the reader whom he specifically addresses, and above all, curiously mocking of his own narrative method. Böll here transcends the straightforward realism of his earlier fiction in favor of a deliberate effort at structural complexity. He adds, in any case, a dimension of rather obvious satire on literary fashions to his customary savage social criticism: he offers the story in the bare outlines of a coloring book, which the reader himself may complete or vary. "Like a miserly uncle or a thrifty aunt, I take for granted the possession of a paintbox or a set of crayons. Those who have nothing but a pencil, a ballpoint, or the remains of some ink, are free to try it in monochrome."

Miscellaneous excerpts from the newspapers of the 22nd of September, 1938 – the day on which Neville Chamberlain arrived in Bad Godesberg to settle the Sudeten crisis – are interpolated for whatever use the reader may want to make of them: "Anyone so inclined may stick the pieces together and make a kite and let it sail way up in the air, or he may bend over it with a magnifying glass and count the flyspecks. . . ." The narrator is willing to satisfy the reader's expectations of literary gamesmanship. "I hope these flashes back and forth will not upset the reader. By grade 7, if not before, the nearest child knows that this is called changing the narrational level. It is the same thing as

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change of shift in a factory, except that in my case these changes mark the places where I have to sharpen my pencil before supplying more strokes and dots."

The effect of these elaborate eccentricities is sometimes galvanizing but more often heavy-handed; instead of intensifying the impact of a bizarre history, instead of clarifying the puzzling interconnections between memory and actuality, Böll's self-conscious technique may merely irritate and deflate. If he attempts to provide a sort of musical coherence – gestures, movements, images, quotations, scraps of popular songs and the like echo throughout the story – these elements of continuity remain obvious rhetorical devices and seldom come to life. Böll's passionate desire to illuminate an obscure and pretentious world and to clarify our perception is unmistakable; yet there is a quality of abstraction in his story-telling, a mechanical and pseudo-highbrow allusiveness, and a stubborn recourse to inane stereotypes of speech and behavior. *Absent without Leave* suggests the difficulties which Böll, like any other didactic novelist, must face – of keeping allegory and pathos in a plausible balance.

The second of these stories, *Enter and Exit*, describes, again in almost a monotone, remembered events in the career of a young German soldier, first at the outbreak of the Second World War and then after its end. It is a series of sharply and ironically focussed scenes that evoke the absurdity and inhumanity of life in the army, and in the physical and moral rubble of his native Cologne. What Böll calls forth in both of these topical and allegorical tales is not so much our compassion for the victims of a system, nor our dismay at the prevalence of evil; as a pragmatic moralist he attacks greed, stupidity, pretentiousness and arrogance – the traditional targets of satire – and insofar as they are curable, reminds us of the rational resources that might, with varying degrees of success, be marshalled against them.

The strength and weakness of Böll's art are, even in these minor works, obvious enough: the senselessness of war and the corruptibility of man are its moving themes; the gap between moral pretensions and the pursuit of a pointless existence is hauntingly explored with the fervor of a born storyteller who may at times seem in danger of being swayed by his own compassion into melodrama and sentimentality.

Böll has been compared to Camus: they have a moving emotional integrity in common, and a profound awareness of the need of individual moral commitment in a society of increasingly abstract relationships. Camus is altogether the more impressive analyst of the private dilemma, Böll perhaps the more specific (and satirical) recorder of public attitudes and of a collective experience desperately determined by an inheritance that is probably easier for the younger Germans totally to disavow, than for their parents to transcend.

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Origins of the Bill of Rights

by Irving Dilliard

The fairest way I know to begin writing about *The Bill of Rights: Its Origin and Meaning* is to declare my bias. When I was low man on the editorial page totem pole at *The St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, 35 years ago, Irving Brant was writing most of the editorials in *The St. Louis Star-Times* and all the leading ones. I saw little of him because in the nature of things the freshman editorial writer on the Pulitzer newspaper did not hobnob with the editorial page editor of its enemy up the street. But I was supposed to read "the opposition" to know what was in it, and that I did. It was not long until I realized that there was a high standard of integrity on his page in those dark depression years. Soon came FDR and the New Deal and, hard on the heels of the New Deal, the court battles over New Deal laws and then the 1937 fight over the Supreme Court.

The Bill of Rights: Its Origin and Meaning
by Irving Brant
(Bobbs-Merrill; $7.50)

Irving Brant knew what the shooting was all about. He knew the issues, and he defined them clearly. I turned with most anticipation to his page on Tuesdays, the day after the Supreme Court had been in session. I could count on Irving Brant for an informed, concise analysis of major decisions handed down the day before. What he wrote seldom made much sense to the economic and social high command of the community. But I also remember what a foreign-born wage earner said to me one winter evening as our commuters' bus carried us east across the Mississippi toward our homes in Illinois. He had the *Star-Times* open to its editorial columns. The rival, the deadly enemy! I asked him how he happened to read *Star-Times* editorials and why he liked them. With just enough accent to suggest that he had chosen America as his home rather than having inherited it, he pointed to the leading editorial and said: "That fella writes this for me – he wants me to understand what he is talking about." We discussed Irving Brant's editorials until the bus reached my seatmate's stop along the highway. Then he got off, his paper folded open to the editorial columns.

Early in the lengthening span, Irving Brant wrote *Dollars and Sense* (1934) and two years later *Storm Over the Constitution*. For a while he contributed to *The Chicago Sun*. He became a close friend of the late Harlan Fiske Stone. He lived in Washington and enlisted in the conservation cause. But he left the deadlines of daily journalism to go to work on his heroic multi-volumed life of James Madison. Over two decades Brant brought out six landmark Madison volumes. They rank with Freeman's Washington, Beveridge's Marshall and Sandburg's Lincoln.

As Brant and his wife worked together

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on Madison they saw that there must be another book, one tracing our liberties from the present back to their Old World beginnings. This book is that work. Brant devotes about two-fifths of his space to the background of the Bill of Rights and about three-fifths to its "foreground." He starts by counting no fewer than 63 separate pledges of freedom in the Constitution and its Amendments and follows these guarantees back to their beginnings. Some readers may find more background than they want, others will be fascinated by excursions into a too little known past. His wide learning, in English history as well as American, is touched repeatedly with quiet humor: he describes the World War I Espionage Acts of 1917 and 1918 as falling "just short of making it a penal offense to say *Gesundheit* at a sneeze."

When he can count 63 distinct libertarian provisions in the Constitution and its Amendments, asserted either as positive rights or restraints upon state action, Irving Brant has no doubt whatever as to the significance of this long-continuing effort to nail down our liberties and protections in written form. Noting that no fewer than 24 elements of a Bill of Rights are to be found in a Constitution "that is said to contain none," Brant writes:

> "Seen as a connected whole, the spirit is the same throughout. It is a spirit of unqualified devotion to human rights, human dignity, the liberty and equality of free men. The mere listing of them, in their full proportions, is enough to blow into cosmic dust two ancient misconceptions concerning the founders of the American Republic. It is utter fallacy that the spirit of the Constitution is opposed to the spirit of the Declaration of Independence. Equally fallacious is the notion that the framers of the Constitution did not share the devotion to freedom of the congressmen who framed and submitted the 1789 amendments (the Bill of Rights)."

Irving Brant holds that the constitutional guarantees of liberty "are not worded as admonitions" but "are unqualified commands." If at times they have been watered down to the level of admonitions it is because that was the way some Congresses or some Judges treated them. Our troubles in this area arise not, in the Brant view, from a conflict between individual rights and the requirements of organized society but because rejection of the mandate of the Founding Fathers "made the problem look insoluble." He writes:

> "When 'no abridgment' becomes abridgment at the direction of Congress and the courts, *freedom* becomes a *degree of freedom*, and the degree varies with the temper of the times and the varying insight and stamina of the Judges. In effect, the Bill of Rights is amended in one direction when strong Judges, devoted to liberty, become a majority on the Supreme Court; amended in the other direction when the majority is weak, hesitant, or unaware of the essentials of freedom; and open to annihilation should a strong anti-libertarian Supreme Court ever unite with a like-minded Congress (as all the individual Justices did in 1798-1800) in following the road of tyranny."

Three of his best chapters are devoted to congressional investigations, their history, their development, their excesses. To read them is to wish that the 50 pages they comprise could be published as a ready reference pamphlet for each member of the Senate and the House of Representatives.

But this book also contains news. For instance, Brant gives the late Chief Justice Stone's account of what happened inside the Supreme Court in the Louisiana press gag case of 1936. Under Huey Long's whip, the Louisiana Legislature passed a statute levying a two-percent gross-receipts tax on newspapers having a circulation of more than 20,000 copies weekly. This provision as to circulation made the law applicable to only 13 newspapers, 12 of which were openly opposed to the Long regime. It was a brazen attempt to gag press critics. The Supreme Court's unanimous decision, which is known as *Grosjean* v. *American Press Co.*, 297 US 233, was delivered by Justice Sutherland, a Harding appointee. The opinion he read dealt eloquently with the various attempts in British history to tax newspapers. It showed that such taxes hampered circulation and so interfered unquestionably with freedom of the press. In Louisiana even the form of the tax was suspicious since it was based solely on the extent of circulation. Inevitably, therefore, the Huey Long-imposed statute invaded constitutional guarantees of a free press and could not be allowed to stand. The wonder has been not the decision, but that it should have been handed down by Justice Sutherland. With Chief Justice Stone as his authority, Brant writes:

> "In conference, a majority voted to bypass the issue of freedom of the press and annul the statute as a commercial discrimination that denied equal protection of the laws. Justice Sutherland wrote for the Court along that line. Justice Cardozo, who contended that freedom of the press was violated, put his own rejected oral argument on paper and circulated it as a concurring

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opinion. It proved so persuasive that the Court approved it, Justice Sutherland embodied it in his opinion and cut his original holding down to the remark that 'we deem it unnecessary to consider the further ground assigned that it also constitutes a denial of equal protection of the laws.' Thus Justice Sutherland won plaudits that belonged to his colleague, but demonstrated his own capacity for growth and submergence of pride of opinion."

Many will wish they had written *The Bill of Rights*, but not all law professors will cheer it. Yet if my bus companion of years ago had a son and this book comes into his hand, he will know, too, that Irving Brant is writing for him – and all the other little people who help to make up America.

New Possibilities

by Joseph Epstein

Mr. George P. Elliott is sublimely indifferent to fashion and irretrievably his own man. This is apparent from a good deal of his work, but perhaps nowhere more so than in an essay of a few years ago entitled "Who Is We?," a delightfully funny attack on the coterie mentality (provincialism, really) of certain New York intellectuals. Who

In the World
by George P. Elliott
(Viking; $6.95)

the devil is this "we" that keeps cropping up in their writing, Elliott asks in this essay, and is forced to conclude that he himself does not fall within the compass of that cheery pronoun. Elliott does not fall within the compass of any pronoun other than the first-person singular. If he resembles any one at all, he comes closest to resembling one of the characters in a story from his own collection of stories, *Among the Dangs*, about whom it is said:

> "The thing is that Bryan likes challenges. Racine is supposed to be untranslatable; Bryan sets about translating him. He tries his hand at a novel; it turns out to be too short for a book and too long for a magazine. He starts a poetic play full of fine speeches, but he's never been backstage and he won't go because he can't stand little theater characters; the play is unactable. His stories almost always have some shocking passage or idea in them; therefore they're published, if at all, only in magazines no one ever heard of, with names like *Stormy Petrel* or *K* or *Tangent* or *South Dakota Quarterly Review*."

It is difficult to pin down with any precision the reasons for Elliott's exceptional independence of spirit, but my own guess is that he enjoys a kind of inward harmony that comes of knowing one's own nature and powers and limitations. Something very much like inward harmony, it seems to me, is reflected in the calm suavity of his prose style, his gentle humor, and his easy authority. Writing out of the center of his own experience, Elliott has become one of America's most engaging essayists; and his criticism, which he frequently blends with autobiographical fragments, is consistently excellent and never dull.

Yet how useful the maxim "know thyself" is to the novelist is by no means certain. Although Elliott has now published three novels – in addition to the already-mentioned collection of short stories – his fiction remains the product of a mind most interesting in its analytical and critical, rather than dramatic, aspects. It is reminiscent of that of Edmund Wilson, another settled, solidly grounded critical intelligence. As with Wilson's fiction so with Elliott's the primary pleasure is in sharing the company of a lucid and highly cultivated author. Again like Wilson's fiction, Elliott's novels and stories have a static quality about them that comes from his being more interested in character than in characters interacting with one another, in gradations of thought than in twists and turns of plot, in evoking the quality of a mind than of a milieu. Which is not to say that Elliott's fiction isn't interesting. It is; but it never leaves the ground, takes wing, soars – as frequently does the work of less settled writers like Saul Bellow or Ralph Ellison or even occasionally the work of a chaotic-minded writer like Norman Mailer – giving a new view of the world and new possibilities for living in it.

The search for new possibilities is what Elliott's latest novel is about. *In the World* is a long and ambitious book. It has a cast of characters spanning three generations and in sheer numbers not unworthy of a Goldwyn production. It also has a hero of a magnitude equal to the occasion, Royce, a professor of law and (potential) legal philosopher. Royce has been a law clerk to a Supreme Court Justice, a practicing labor lawyer, a public administrator, and is currently teaching at Berkeley. Now at middle-age in a distinguished career, he is at the crossroads – a network of crossroads. His marriage is in crisis. He is uncertain of his future (there is talk of his being considered for a federal judgeship and after that, who can say, a place on the US Supreme Court). And he is more uncertain still about the shape of the world in which he will live out his days. Royce is, in sum, vexed by the question that is at the heart of most serious American fiction: How should a good man live?

In addition to being a man of magnitude, Alfred Royce has considerable magnetisim. The majority of the novel's other characters center around him – though, as we shall see, not enough of the novel's action does – and for the most part from the standpoint of admir-

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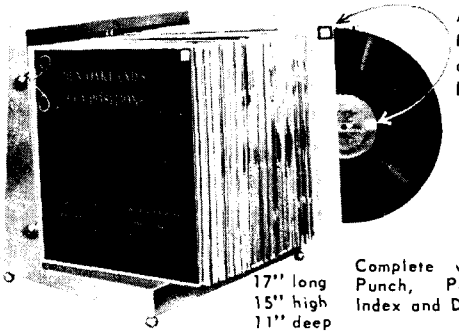

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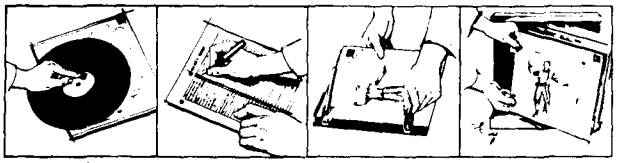

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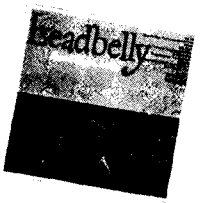

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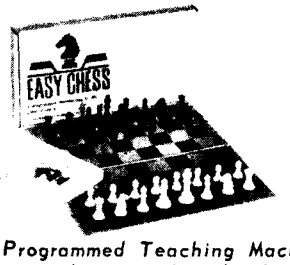

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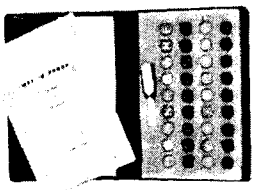

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ers. Leon Kalish, a graduate student of his, sets the tone in thinking: "There was nothing he would not do for Alfred. He would learn from him how to be a father, a husband. He said to himself, 'Alfred is my world'." Another admirer, a contemporary, "had gone into labor relations because of him, had served on the War Labor Relations Commission because of him, and served well, and had endowed a scholarship in labor relations at Cal because of him."

I don't know if I should go so far as to endow any scholarships in his name, but by and large Royce is worthy of the adulation. He is a gifted teacher. He is humane, convivial, and actively concerned about people, both on a personal level and in the abstract. He is intellectually tough-minded. He is a man of immense cultivation who can cut through rhetoric or toss off an aperçu with the easy bravura of our President dispatching a spareribs. As opposed to the flabby anti-heroes, sodden schlimazls, and aimless picaros who romp through most recent fiction, Alfred Royce has stature, reach, and grasp. It is tremendously refreshing.

Although on the surface *In the World* is about the crisis in Royce's marriage, the possible breakdown of that marriage may be seen, without stretching things too far, as a metaphor for the larger, even more complicated breakdown of liberalism in the modern world. As in a moment of despair Royce himself sees the problem, it involves something he calls the liberal lie of the American Dream:

> "That generations of men should have devoted their lives – that you and I should devote the best years of our lives – to attaining what we thought was so beautiful and turns out to be mediocrity itself. . . . The lie that gave us Americans the enormous energy to turn out all that we have turned out, the lie that has released incredible power. The liberal lie, that remedying specific injustices will make the world just. That the world can be made just at all."

In one form or another, most of the other characters in Elliott's novel are concerned with the same problem; indeed, many of them rather explicitly represent a particular strain of the liberal/radical left: Royce's step-daughter Lizzie, who is a Decline-of-the-Wester; her husband, a young Negro lawyer for whom politics is eschatology; the graduate student Leon Kalish, who appears to be committed to commitment itself; Roy Carver, a labor journalist who is a philosophical nihilist; and Harry Evans, the most shadowy figure in the novel, who is that more dangerous entity – a practicing nihilist.

After Royce, Evans is the most interesting character in Elliott's novel – or at least he ought to be. He is, the reader is given to understand, a kind of professional revolutionary; he had been a hero in the Resistance in France and has a grudge against society and an unslaked passion for action. We get only brief glimpses of Evans, yet he is the principal agent in one of the novel's central incidents: he has bombed the home of, and killed, one of management's leaders as a union strike, of which Royce was serving as a mediator, was coming to a conciliation. The incident, however, is not described. One learns of it at second hand; one learns of the capture of Evans at third hand; and the definitive word on the man is delivered, with the usual distinction, by Alfred Royce, who has in fact never even met him:

> "Alone, in his cell, he [Evans] has very little to support him. He will be denied the opportunity to make a great public last speech from the scaffold, such as supported political criminals in the past sometimes. Also, he'll have to wait too long for his last words to make an impact on the world. He is thrown face to face – no, he is posed mind to mind with his purest enemy, God. It is God who is ultimately responsible for the way things are. After Evans is sure he's going to be electrocuted by the minor enemy, he finds himself face to face indeed with the major enemy. . . ."

The problem with Royce, one begins to feel, is that he may be a bit too distinguished. Perhaps he ought to see less of his admiring friends and those slavishly devoted graduate students. Perhaps he ought to arrange to get his hands dirtied a little. As it is, Royce returns to his wife after a long separation; the novel's last page has him slipping between the sheets of his marriage bed. Shortly before that he has made the decision about his future that has so long been plaguing him. He decides to continue teaching and writing. "As a professor I am an agent of the State I happened to be born into," he remarks. "As a theorist I aspire to be the agent of the idea of Society." Thus does Alfred Royce step In the World. Yet in his case one cannot help reflect on what a small world it is.

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COMING

A Thousand Days

Arthur Schlesinger Jr's

Kennedy biography

reviewed by John Blum

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In Your Heart, You Know He's President

by Lawrence Grauman, Jr.

The big question in American history used to be, does the study of it help us anticipate if not influence the future; or must it be defended as simply a humanistic discipline? Although scholars no longer much care, and most college faculties have stopped quarreling over whether the History Department belongs in the Division of Social Sciences or Humanities, the question Does History Teach? has reasserted itself.

The Paranoid Style in American Politics
by Richard Hofstadter
(Knopf; $5.95)

Two recent developments are notable: First, the willingness of some writers to extend their historical understanding to contemporary problems, and second, a growing sensitivity on the part of historians to the work of other intellectual disciplines, a greater consciousness of the symbolic and myth-making aspects of the human mind, of the value of literary criticism and textual analysis. This kind of cross-fertilization, sensibly indulged, has already produced some remarkable studies, like those of Henry Bamford Parkes and Leo Marx in literature and social thought, Henry Nash Smith on the role of the frontier in myth and symbol, Christopher Lasch in rhetoric and radical politics, and Richard Hofstadter in politics and social psychology. In short, the study of history is becoming, at the least, livelier, more imaginative and better written, and Richard Hofstadter is one of those helping to make it so.

Hofstadter has covered a lot of territory in the past 20 years. He wrote the first advanced study of social Darwinism, a book on academic freedom, and a deceptively good one on the American political tradition. His most exciting work is *The Age of Reform*, published in 1955, a study of Populism, Progressivism, and the New Deal. There was something about the Populist mind that loved the secret plot and the conspiratorial meeting, the idea that all American history could be understood as a sustained conspiracy of the "international money power," and Hofstadter clearly was fascinated with this phenomenon. Reading *The Age of Reform*, one suspected that Hofstadter would eventually undertake a full-scale study of the paranoid view of public experience, that sense that all our ills can be traced to "a single center and hence can be eliminated by some kind of final act of victory over the evil source." He apparently never lost sight of this intriguing project, and one wonders if the present book was not simply awaiting the test of Barry Goldwater.

This is not just another study of the Goldwater caper, though Hofstadter devotes a part of the book to the 1964 presidential campaign. Nor is this a "full-scale" analysis of the paranoid mentality in American history, but rather a collection of essays of varying value all dealing with public responses to a critical situation or an enduring dilemma in terms of the *milieu* of our politics. Here are a series of episodes in the American imagination – from anti-Masonry and Populism to McCarthyism and more recently the Birch Society – each of them informed with a distinctive intelligence.

The central preconception of what Hofstadter calls "the paranoid style" is the existence of a vast, insidious, preternaturally effective international conspiratorial network, designed to perpetuate acts of the most fiendish character. While other motifs appear in the paranoid style, this is the central theme of the reaction to the Bavarian Illuminati in the 18th Century, the anti-Masonic movements of the 1830's, the rhetoric of "Coin" Harvey and other radical agrarians, the Klan in the twenties, the McCarthyites in the fifties, and the Birchers, Christian Crusaders and other ultra right-wingers of today. Now Hofstadter is not the first to trace the sequence of themes in the mentalities of authoritarian agitators (the book *Prophets of Deceit* is a pioneer work, and one Hofstadter is probably heavily indebted to), but he is the first to suggest the full pattern of interlocking motifs that underlie certain crises in our national life. Consider some of these motifs. Many of us have wondered at the irresistible attraction of Red-baiting and other forms of right-wing activity for the fundamentalist churches – the Nazarenes, the Churches of Christ, the Swedish Covenants, the Billy Grahamites. The contemporary paranoid spokesman sees the fate of the "international Communist conspiracy" in apocalyptic terms – even as the anti-Catholic and the radical Populist before him saw the Roman plot and the international Jewish financial scheme:

> "... He traffics in the birth and death of whole worlds, whole political orders, whole systems of human values. He is always manning the barricades of civilization. He constantly lives at a turning point: it is now or never in organizing resistance to conspiracy. Time is forever just running out. Like religious millenarians, he expresses the anxiety of those who are living through the last days and he is sometimes disposed to set a date for the apocalypse. (*c.f.* R. Welch in 1951: 'Evidence is piling up on many sides and

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from many sources that October 1952 is the fatal month when Stalin will attack.') The apocalypticism of the paranoid style runs dangerously near to hopeless pessimism, but usually stops short of it. Apocalyptic warnings arouse passion and militancy, and strike at susceptibility to similar themes in Christianity. Properly expressed, such warnings serve somewhat the same function as a description of the horrible consequence of sin in a revivalist sermon: they portray that which impends but which may still be avoided. They are a secular and demonic version of adventism."

So this Manichean conception of life as a struggle between absolute good and absolute evil and the idea of an irresistible Armageddon have been thinly secularized and transferred to the cold war, where the national security is threatened not merely by outsiders and foreigners but (especially) by major statesmen seated at the very centers of American power. The "enemy" seems to be on many counts a projection of the self:

> ". . . Both the ideal and the unacceptable aspects of the self are attributed to him. A fundamental paradox of the paranoid style is the imitation of the enemy. The enemy, for example, may be the cosmopolitan intellectual, but the paranoid will outdo him in the apparatus of scholarship, even of pedantry."

(Who can forget the image of the late Senator, waving all those papers around on the floor of the Senate and intoning "I have here in my hand documentary evidence. . . .") This motif of self-projection suggests another aspect of the paranoid style, the special significance that attaches to the figure of the renegade from the enemy cause, and it also leads Hofstadter eventually to the consideration of ultra-conservatism as a disorder in relation to authority, "characterized by an inability to find other modes for human relationship than those of more or less complete domination or submission."

One may object that there *are* conspiratorial acts in history, and that there is nothing paranoid about taking note of them. For that matter, anything that partakes of political strategy may need an element of secrecy, and is thus vulnerable to being dubbed conspiratorial. Corruption itself has the character of secrecy. (In this sense the Teapot Dome affair was a conspiracy.) Hofstadter would reply that the distinguishing thing about the paranoid style is not that its exponents see plots here and there in history, but that "they regard a 'vast' or 'gigantic' conspiracy as *the motive force* in historical events." One may also object that many zealots are merely cynical, finding in patriotic work a means of making a living, but though Hofstadter would acknowledge this probability he sees it rather as the likelihood of turning a tendency toward paranoia into a vocational asset – surely one of the most perverse forms of occupational therapy extant. (This brief summary of the devices of the paranoid style may do an injustice to the coherence and comprehensiveness of Hofstadter's title essay. It should be sufficient to note that he has already received the sincerest form of flattery – from one of the editors of *The National Review*, who, in an attempt to disassociate that journal from the John Birch Society, has apparently borrowed heavily from an earlier version of the essay.)

Although Hofstadter is at home in the "interdisciplinary" implications of his subject – his control of the psychology and the cross-cultural aspects of politics is masterly – he is not altogether convincing on contemporary questions. Since he is a historian who admittedly enjoys writing about "the historical background of contemporary events," it is instructive to consider the problems he encounters in attempting to answer the most nagging question of all: Why this urgent resurgence of radical right-wing activity in this time and place? The tendency of the Populists, for example, to account for relatively impersonal events in highly personal terms can be explained by their low level of education, their poor access to information, and the almost total denial to them of access to centers of power, as well, of course, as the effects of financial disaster. But the Birchers, the Goldwaterites and the Christian Crusaders are relatively well educated (with certain conspicuous exceptions), they have almost too much access to information, and they are nothing if not prosperous. In three essays on various manifestations of the recent "pseudo-conservatism" Hofstadter hints at some marginal explanations (the shock of the Korean War, the failures of our foreign policy, high taxes, resentment against the New Deal, the threat of catastrophe) but finally settles on a theory of "status politics." That is, the force that helped all these circumstances come to a center and find a rhetorical form, that gave to their anti-establishment animus its particular edge, was a growing resentment over the loss of prestige in the community by people whose self esteem depends on having certain non-economic values honored in public. He has revived this theory from *The Age of Reform*, where it served well to explain the abrupt conversion of the "Mugwump" type from an anti-Populist to a Progressive (the Mugwumps became Progressives "not because of economic deprivations but primarily because they were victims of an upheaval in status . . .") but as a

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means of explaining the present season of discontent it is a concept of limited utility, and when Hofstadter applies it to the Goldwater campaign he largely belabors the by-now-obvious. He is, however, not very happy with this application himself, and he devotes several pages to qualifications and some honest revisionism.

The theory of status politics is a valuable corrective to the still dominant mode of historical inquiry, which assumes that the political man is basically a rational being who estimates what his economic interests are, forms pressure groups to advance these interests, and then coolly casts his vote in hopes of realizing them. Hofstadter's status theory helps us understand a political history that goes far beyond the issues of the fifties and sixties which it was invoked to explain, as he demonstrates in the latter half of the book which contains essays on Cuba, the Philippines and Manifest Destiny; the Antitrust Movement (whatever happened to it?) and the mind of W. H. "Coin" Harvey. The last two of these essays are probably the best that have been written on these subjects.

THEATRE

Familiar Peru, Exotic Brooklyn

The Royal Hunt of the Sun has arrived from London with the same director, scenic designer, costumer, movement coordinator, and composer; every effort has been made to reproduce the effects of the brilliant National Theatre production; but because of the new cast and a more restricted stage, a good deal of its atmospheric pageantry has been lost. This is a shame because without

The Royal Hunt of the Sun
by Peter Shaffer
(ANTA Theatre)
Hogan's Goat
by William Alfred
(The American Place Theatre)

spectacular theatricality, the play amounts to very little; it may be total theatre but it is strictly fractional drama; and being exposed to Peter Shaffer's meditations on religion, love, life, and death for three solid hours is rather like being trapped in a particularly active wind tunnel with no hope of egress. In the London production, there were always choreographed massacres, treks through the Andes, harvest dances, ritual gestures, and an extraordinary performance by Robert Stephens as the Sovereign Inca. Atahuallpa, to distract one from the pretentiousness of Mr. Shaffer's theme, the conventionality of his characters, and the poetastrical quality of his dialogue ("Look into him," says one character of the hero, "you'll see a kind of death"). But in New York, with a more limited physical production and a more insecure cast, such distractions no longer work, and one finds escape from the play only in reflections on how the author has muffed his opportunities.

For the conquest of Peru by the Spanish invaders is a natural subject for the theatre; it is the kind of dark myth that fascinated Antonin Artaud as an alternative to the decaying subject matter of the Occidental stage. The idea for the play, as a matter of fact, was probably suggested to Mr. Shaffer by Artaud's first scenario for his projected Theatre of Cruelty, a tableau sequence called *The Conquest of Mexico.* In this unproduced spectacle, Artaud hoped to "contrast Christianity with much older religions" and correct "the false conceptions the Occident has somehow formed concerning paganism and certain natural religions," while dramatizing, in burning images, the destruction of Montezuma and his Mayas by the armies of Cortez: "Space is stuffed with whirling gestures, horrible faces, dying eyes, clenched fists, manes, breastplates, and from all levels of the scene fall limbs, breastplates, heads, stomachs like a hailstorm bombarding the earth with supernatural explosions." Mr. Shaffer treats the annihilation of the Incas in a similar manner, and (having done his history homework carefully) occasionally engages in some speculative comparative anthropology. But at the same time that he is fashioning cruel Artaudian myths, he is mentalizing, psychologizing, and sentimentalizing these myths. Underneath the tumult and the swirl lie a very conventional set of liberal notions about the noble savage, the ignoble Catholic, and the way brotherly love can bridge the gulf that separates cultures. By the end of the play, in fact, the whole brutal struggle has degenerated into a fraternal romance between a lissome young redskin and an aging lonely paleface – a relationship which is illuminated less by Artaud than by Leslie Fiedler in his essay, "Come Back to the Raft Again, Huck Honey."

What has been lost in the Broadway version of the work is what is lost in every reproduction: color, depth, precision, and line. John Dexter, the director, has done his best to communicate the secrets of the National Theatre to his New York actors, but you don't turn a pickup cast into a repertory company in six rehearsal weeks, and the performances, consequently, seem scat-

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tered and thin (I was surprised to discover, upon comparing programs, that New York was using just as many actors as London – the National Theatre stage, though much larger than the ANTA, seemed infinitely more crammed with life and bustle). David Carradine is occasionally powerful as Atahuallpa and John Vernon is stalwart as De Soto, but George Rose, the narrator, is surprisingly mannered and vocally flat: this good actor's work has been in a continual state of decline ever since *A Man for All Seasons*. As for Christopher Plummer, playing Pizarro, he gives us all the trappings of the character with little of its inner life. Hobbling, balding, and bearded like the pard, he has the look, gait, rhythm, and accent of his part (though he seems, as Richard Gilman has noted, to have modelled his dialect on Anthony Quinn's) – what is missing is variety, development, true passion. Plummer has excellent histrionic equipment, but he has lately been satisfied with mere impersonation. What he needs desperately is a good play and a permanent home – why not the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center where he would have made a fascinating Danton?

The prime virtue of William Afred's verse-drama, *Hogan's Goat*, is its absolute lack of shrewdness. It embodies none of the fashionable attitudes of the contemporary stage, whether commercial or avant-garde, and it is written with an ingratiating naïveté, as if the author had just emerged, play in hand, from a time capsule entered many decades before. The action of *Hogan's Goat* takes place among the Brooklyn Irish in 1890, and as far as technique is concerned, the play could very well have held the stage in that year, for it is bursting with melodramatic confrontations, dramatic exposures, and ringing speeches, not to mention a climax which depends upon a charred document found at the bottom of a strongbox. This absence of guile is rather charming, and so is much of the local color. Borrowing the creaky devices of Sardou, the rich blarney of Synge and O'Casey, and the boozy characters of O'Neill, Mr. Alfred creates a genre painting of the political wards, with their seagoing outings, free lunch bars, wily priests, goodnatured whores, and humorous grifters; and while the blank verse is a little excessive in its use of simile, and a little unfamiliar in the mouths of Irish wardheelers, it is generally a serviceable dramatic instrument, especially as a source of invective.

For all its charm, however, the play is decidedly minor, mainly because it fails its own intentions. In the conflict between a young ambitious insurgent who wants to be mayor and the cynical, corrupt old incumbent who will use any device to keep his cherished office, Mr. Alfred has the opportunity to examine what has recently become an extremely important subject in America – the rise of Irish political power; but the author unfortunately gets sidetracked into writing pseudo-tragedy about his hubristic hero, concluding not with social-political insights but rather with a moral lesson about pride and selfishness: the hero's faults of character issue in the exposure of his guilty secrets and the accidental murder of his wife. As for the production, this, too, is full of surface appeal, but less effective in probing depths. Apart from Fay Dunaway – a very lovely actress who eventually creates the victimized wife into an extremely moving figure – none of the actors is able to establish more than the outlines of his part (I except Barnard Hughes and Conrad Bain, strong in minor roles), for the director, Frederick Rolf, seems to have a rather external idea of performance. Rolf has a good visual sense, though, which is displayed not only in his blocking (well-designed within Kert Lundell's flexible three-area setting) but in his casting – physically, his character actors are very appealing, especially Tom Ahearne as Mayor Quinn, a cantankerous old villain with a wonderful cartoon squint, who looks like a combination of Popeye and Bathless Groggins. *Hogan's Goat* is small but honest, contrived but goodnatured, and in a season like this, such virtues have a way of stretching far.

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

John Wain's *novel*, The Young Visitors, *was recently published by Viking.*

Robert Graves' *poems will appear in his next book*, Love Respelt.

Quentin Anderson, *a professor of English at Columbia, is editing a nine-volume history of American literature.*

Thomas S. Szasz, MD, *is a psychiatrist and the author of* Psychiatric Justice.

Victor Lange *is a professor of Germanic languages at Princeton.*

Irving Dilliard *has edited books on Justices Brandeis and Black and Judge Learned Hand.*

Joseph Epstein *is an editor at a Chicago publishing firm.*

Lawrence Grauman Jr. *teaches at New York University*

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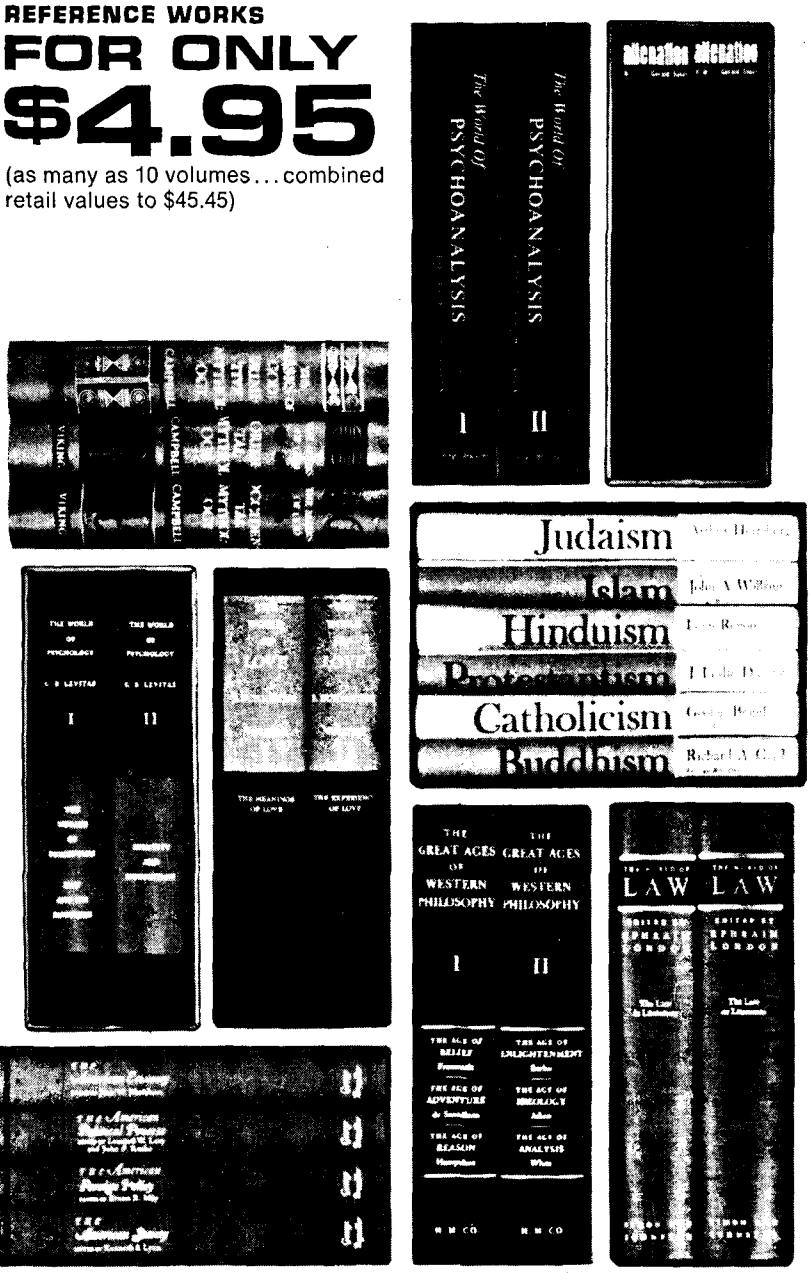

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